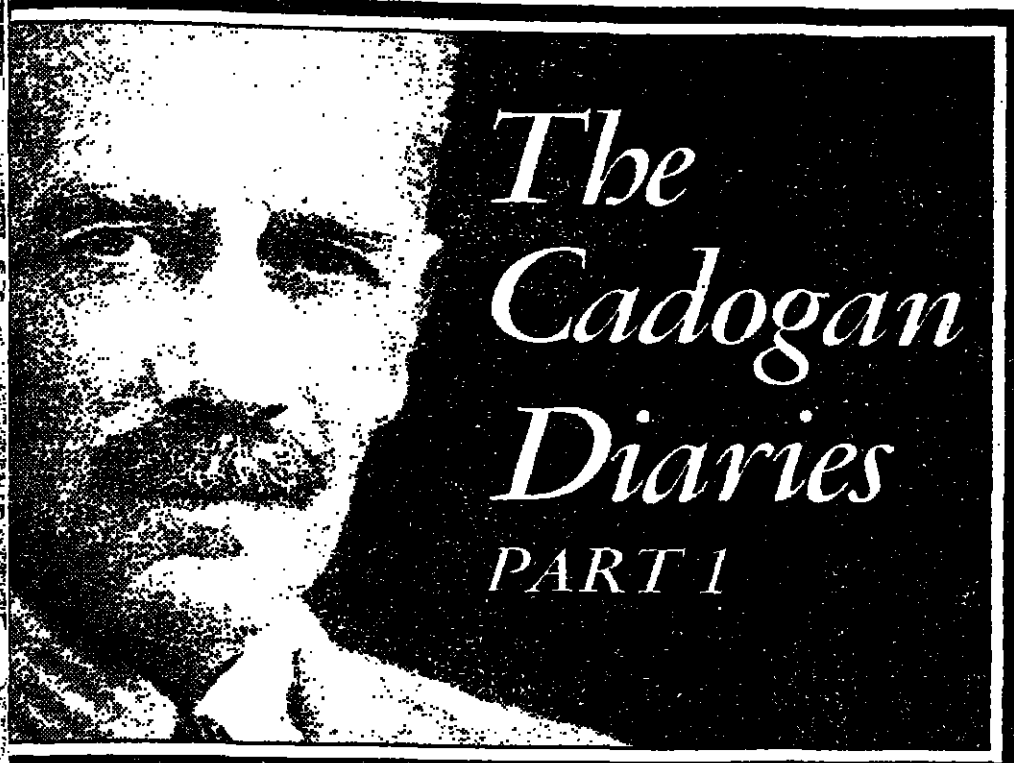


Le digestif original...
CHARTREUSE

SUNDAY TIMES
weekly review
OCTOBER 3 1971

LEGGE Locks



The
Cadogan
Diaries
PART 1

No modern diplomat has occupied a position at the centre of British affairs comparable to that of Sir Alexander Cadogan. As permanent head of the Foreign Office from 1938 to 1946 he had a unique involvement in wartime government. His close relationship with Churchill (whose accession to leadership he at first disapproved) bore echoes of that famous partnership of their illustrious ancestors, the Duke of Marlborough and his staff officer, the first Earl of Cadogan.

Throughout the wartime period, Alec Cadogan kept a diary. It is not only an important historical document, but contains remarkably frank and acerbic views of the men who shaped the conduct of the war. Now, three years after Cadogan's death, the diary is to be published for the first time. These are extracts from it.



In the week war broke out, Cadogan (back to camera) meets Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary (right), Neville Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, Mrs Chamberlain and Lady Halifax in St James's Park

INTRIGUE AND ENVY
AS EUROPE FALLS

Tuesday, 8 May, 1940
Yesterday's debate went badly. I don't think it's fatal. In my view, Chamberlain the best in sight. The only alternative is Halifax and that would be the end of him. Dined at home worked. What a life! P.M. dined well and quite cheerful morning, but I gather debate weakened Government. But we are going to put in its place? Winston useless. Then? See Sinclair? Sam Hoare!

Wednesday, 9 May
Government pressed to a Divisive night and majority dropped to 81. So this is serious! Every day—tulips almost at best and everything smiling except human affairs. I went to the Foreign Office. Halifax went off to see P.M. at 10.15. Back about 11. He gloomy, thinks P.M. will go to take over. Cabinet at 11.45. But we had to about, as that blasted H. of C. sitting and wrangling and ignoring... Halifax went over to 10.10 at 4.30 to meet P.M. Winston. This is his point:—P.M. said main thing was national unity: Labour must be in to the Government. If wouldn't come in under his leadership, he was quite ready to resign. Agreed to talk to our leaders and Attlee and Greenwood came. Then were (a) will you come in under

present leadership, (b) under any other? They must consult Party. Answer to (a) almost certainly "No." to (b) probably "yes." So after they had gone, P.M., Winston and I discussed possibilities. P.M. said I was the man mentioned as the most acceptable. I said it would be hopeless position. If I was not in charge of the war (operations) and if I didn't lead in the House, I should be a cypher. I thought Winston was a better choice. Winston did not demur. Was very kind and polite but showed that he thought this right solution. Chief Whip and others think feeling in the House has been veering towards him. If Chamberlain remains—as he is ready to do—his advice and judgment would steady Winston.

I said I personally welcomed this, as it kept Halifax with us [at Foreign Office]. (I think he is not the stuff of which a P.M. is made in such a crisis.) We should lose a good Secretary of State and get a doubtful P.M. But I'm not at all sure of Churchill. However, there it is—waiting on Labour decision. It would not be—or might not be—a bad solution. But how beastly the H. of C. is! With what delight they jump on a good man when he is down! I gather that this morning there was rather a "morning after" feeling in the House. But too late! The trade of politics is indeed a dirty one. I don't think they'll

get a better P.M. than Neville. But all their beastly little envies and jealousies and susceptibilities have to be "appeased." If only it means the disappearance of Sam Hoare, all this will not have been in vain!

Friday, 10 May
Woken up at 5.40 am with news of invasion of Holland and Belgium... Cabinet at 8. Germans have relieved us of a number of embarrassing questions by invading both countries. Cabinet over about 9... Labour refuse to serve under Neville, who resigns. Winston to form Government... Confused news, which seems to show Germans not having it all their own way—except at Rotterdam.

Saturday, 11 May
Thank God, Halifax continues at the Foreign Office. Other Cabinet changes none too good. I'm afraid Winston will build up a "Garden City" at No. 10, of the most awful people—including Brendan Bracken! Most critical days. And here we are Cabinet-making!

Cadogan wrote at once to Chamberlain... to say how deeply I have sympathised with you in all your difficulties, and how glad I am to think that the country, by your generous decision, will still benefit by your services.

During these troubled years, I have been privileged to watch your conduct of affairs from close quarters, and there is no one of your numberless followers and admirers who would pay you a more wholehearted tribute than I should.

And I shall remember to the end of my days the many personal kindnesses you showed me.

Chamberlain replied that he had been greatly touched by this generous letter.

Sunday, 12 May
Halifax came in about 12.30... Sam Hoare now to go to Madrid! I suppose they want him safely out of the country!

Monday, 13 May
Masses of telegrams. Things look pretty black. Holland cracking and Belgium not too good. Halifax yesterday offered Madrid to Sam Hoare who refused—will take nothing short of India! Nothing but bad news all day. Cabinet at 6.30.

Plus ça change! And do Greenwood, Attlee, Sinclair and Alexander strengthen the party so? Awful discussion about bombing the Ruhr. Decided (I think rightly) to put it off for four days. Cartier [Belgian Ambassador] about 11 to protest against British troops going through Brussels, contrary to "agreement." Said I was unaware of any agreement. Anyhow the essential was to get, by the best way, on to the best defensive line to protect his beastly country. But rang up CIGS's ADC "pour acquit de conscience."

Tuesday, 14 May
Lovely morning—warm sun. Cabinet 11.30. Situation still very obscure. CIGS thinks big attack coming in West. Winston still doubtful... Cabinet at 7—on Reynaud's message to Winston, showing that Germans have broken through at Sedan, and imploring air raid, which we can't give, in great measure. Very gloomy and unpleasant meeting—worst I have ever attended in that beastly room. Things never looked blacker. But they've looked that before.

Churchill telegraphed to Roosevelt: "I trust you realise, Mr President, that the voice and force of the United States may count for nothing

if they are withheld too long. You may have a completely subjugated, Nazified Europe established with astonishing swiftness, and the weight may be more than we can bear. All I ask now is that you should proclaim non-belligerency, which would mean that you would help us with everything short of actually engaging armed forces. Immediate needs are, first of all, the loan of forty or fifty of your older destroyers to bridge the gap between what we have now and the large new construction we put in hand at the beginning of the war.

We want several hundred of the latest types of aircraft... anti-aircraft equipment and ammunition to purchase still in the USA... I am looking to you to keep the Japanese quiet in the Pacific, using Singapore in any way convenient."

The President made a prompt reply, probably as helpful as it could be at the time. On the two vital points, however, he could offer nothing very comforting. The loan of destroyers would require the sanction of Congress, which he was reluctant to seek at that moment. As for Japan, the US Fleet would remain at Pearl Harbour for the time being.

Thursday, 16 May
The blackest days I have ever lived through. But there are doubtless worse to come. Cabinet in morning at which we received blacker and blacker news from France. Finally [General] Dill explained plans for withdrawal in Belgium. This infuriated Winston, who said we couldn't agree to that, which could jeopardise our whole army. Sprang up and said he would go to France—it was ridiculous to think that France could be conquered by 120 tanks (but it may be!). He said he would leave after lunch, and asked Chamberlain to "mind the shop!"... Awful afternoon... 6. meeting of Committee presided by Chamberlain about what to do in Mediterranean if Italy comes into war. Not much! Dined at home. Cabinet announced for 10. Went there and met Halifax and John Anderson [Home Secretary]. Cabinet put off till 10.30, then 11. Waiting for telegram from Churchill in Paris to be deciphered. Cabinet, under Chamberlain, assembled at 11. Winston's message showed situation desperate and endorsed appeal by French for all the Fighters we can give them. Agreed by midnight to send six squadrons [in addition to the four squadrons which the Cabinet had agreed earlier in the day to despatch].

Friday, 17 May
Cabinet at 10. Churchill gave account of his trip. French evidently cracking, and situation awful. Nothing much to be done and no decision to be taken. Kennedy [US Ambassador] turned up at 11. Churchill saw him and got from him President's reply to his appeal. I'm quite convinced that Pres[ident] will

How beastly the H of C is... I don't think they'll get a better P.M. than Neville. But all their beastly little envies and jealousies and susceptibilities have to be 'appeased'.... Thank God, Halifax continues at the Foreign Office. 9

do all he can, but he can't go ahead of his public. And even then, what can they do to affect this battle?... All kinds of worries: these days are dreadful and my knees are beginning to go! Gather French haven't fought at all—simply shattered by air-tank attack. Troops and guns hardly used. Our Staffs living in the days of the Zulu war.

Never did I think one could endure such a nightmare... Very tired. But how these Chiefs of Staff (and the PM) endure—never getting any rest—I can't think. They're wonderful—at least I think Pound [Navy] and Newall [RAF] are. Ironside [Army] I think so stupid as to be impervious to anything.

Weygand rally them? BEF threatened with extinction. Listened to Winston's broadcast. We must fight on, whatever happens. I should count it a privilege to be dead if Hitler rules England. I had not thought I should have to live through such awful days.

Monday, 20 May
Another glorious day. Only man is vile. Walked with Halifax

continued on next page

Weygand rally them? BEF threatened with extinction. Listened to Winston's broadcast. We must fight on, whatever happens. I should count it a privilege to be dead if Hitler rules England. I had not thought I should have to live through such awful days.

Monday, 20 May
Another glorious day. Only man is vile. Walked with Halifax

continued on next page

How it works

How is colour television transmitted? (See page 166 of HOW THINGS WORK.) How is electronic data processing done? (See page 303.) How does "sky channel" work? (See page 407.) Why does a record player play? (See page 314.) How does a simple switch operate? (See page 96.) How does a Polaroid camera produce pictures? (See page 172.) What makes gaspewee explode? (See page 445.) What makes a nuclear reactor go? (See page 54.) This remarkable book will answer hundreds of your questions, and the ones children ask, about both simple and complex technological concepts... from a ball-point pen to lasers, from the jet engine to ultrasonics.

From jute box to cyclotron—this is How Things Work

HOW THINGS WORK is a lucid encyclopedia of technology, an endlessly fascinating anthology of descriptions and diagrams that unravel the mystery of common mechanisms and today's technological marvels. It's a book to delight everyone intrigued with the way things work.

Whatever you want to look up—from expense meter to tape recorder, from a simple electric bell to a heart-beating machine—you have only to look up the alphabetic index, and you will be directed to a page of superbly detailed two-colour drawings and, on the facing page, a concise, fact-filled explanation of how it works.

Read what just two informed critics have said of HOW THINGS WORK. "An exhaustive book. There is little you can wonder about and not find." (World-famous science writer Isaac Asimov.) "For those who nourish any technical curiosity at all... this lucid book provides a thorough collection of answers." (Time magazine.) Send for your free examination copy today

We invite you to post the coupon below. A copy of HOW THINGS WORK will be sent to you at once. If at the end of ten days you do not feel that this book is one you will treasure, you may return it and owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, we will ask you to send £2.60 plus 25p p.p. You need send no money now. But if you wish to save the postage and packing charges, you can send £2.60 with the coupon, as payment in full, and your £2.60 will be refunded immediately, if you return the book.

Yours to examine for 10 days FREE—Send now

TO: HERON BOOKS (DEPT 728/101), 18 ST. ANN'S CRESC, LONDON SW18 2LK

Please send me a copy of HOW THINGS WORK for ten days free approval under the payment method I have indicated below.

Tick one box:
☐ I enclose the sum of £2.60 plus 25p p.p. If after 10 days I am not completely satisfied with this book, I will return it and owe you nothing. Otherwise I will pay the invoiced amount.
☐ I enclose £2.60 with this coupon, thus saving the postage and packing charges. If after 10 days I am not delighted with this book, I will return it to you for a full refund of my money.

SIGNATURE
(or parent's signature if you are under 18)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Jane Goodall and the chimps on page 35 today

Monday, 13 May
Masses of telegrams. Things look pretty black. Holland cracking and Belgium not too good. Halifax yesterday offered Madrid to Sam Hoare who refused—will take nothing short of India! Nothing but bad news all day. Cabinet at 6.30.

Plus ça change! And do Greenwood, Attlee, Sinclair and Alexander strengthen the party so? Awful discussion about bombing the Ruhr. Decided (I think rightly) to put it off for four days. Cartier [Belgian Ambassador] about 11 to protest against British troops going through Brussels, contrary to "agreement." Said I was unaware of any agreement. Anyhow the essential was to get, by the best way, on to the best defensive line to protect his beastly country. But rang up CIGS's ADC "pour acquit de conscience."

Tuesday, 14 May
Lovely morning—warm sun. Cabinet 11.30. Situation still very obscure. CIGS thinks big attack coming in West. Winston still doubtful... Cabinet at 7—on Reynaud's message to Winston, showing that Germans have broken through at Sedan, and imploring air raid, which we can't give, in great measure. Very gloomy and unpleasant meeting—worst I have ever attended in that beastly room. Things never looked blacker. But they've looked that before.

Churchill telegraphed to Roosevelt: "I trust you realise, Mr President, that the voice and force of the United States may count for nothing

Beautiful Books

Books are different, it is said: and Folio Society books are more different than others. For one thing, they are exclusive to members: scrupulously and beautifully designed; illustrated by such well known artists as Michael Ayton and Edward Bawden; and bound in leathers and silks, wood veneers and hand marbled papers.

Folio Society books are not only elegant, but extremely readable: major and minor classics and exciting literary and historical finds, covering the breadth of civilisation. Yet, curiously, they are not expensive: the average price is scarcely above £2. Even the humblest tends to hold its value in future years—and some, indeed, have shown a significant appreciation since they were published. Joining this unique Society is simple. You have only to choose four titles from a list of over eighty. A pleasant bonus: you will also receive, free, a special presentation volume—for 1972, Francisco Goya: Paintings, Drawings and Prints, which you can examine now, free, and without obligation, before you decide to join.

There's nothing irrevocable about sending in the coupon below, so why not do it today?

To: The Membership Secretary, The Folio Society Ltd., 6 Stratford Place, London, W1R 0BL.

I am interested in joining The Folio Society and would like to see this year's presentation volume, Goya: Paintings, Drawings and Prints, together with the 1972 prospectus. I will send on my cheque of a minimum of four titles from the 1972 programme promptly, and thus take up membership or else return the Goya volume.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

The Folio Society

THE CADOGAN DIARIES

Continued from preceding page

and Dorothy [Lady Halifax] through Palace Garden. Halifax wanted to talk about Sam Hoare. I said there was one bright spot—there were lots of Germans and Italians in Madrid and therefore a good chance of Sam Hoare being murdered. Halifax looked pained, but Dorothy agreed heartily.

Cabinet 11.30. Pretty grim. Germans still driving on. See no hope of any counter-stroke. . . . Sam Hoare and Lady Maud fussing around. . . . Walking down the passage to make conversation, I said, "It must be difficult for you, so suddenly, to adapt yourself to living in a new country." She said, "It may be easier than to adapt oneself to living in an old country in new conditions." "That's it!" The rats leaving the ship. The quicker we get them out of the country the better. But I'd sooner send them to a penal settlement. He'll be the Quisling of England when Germany conquers us and I am dead.

Tuesday, 21 May

Cabinet at 11.30. Unfortunately Churchill began by saying situation more hopeful. Which resulted in a most awful tale of woe being unfolded. French Command are in complete confusion and helplessness. . . . What a situation! . . . That little blighter Sam Hoare at five. He determined to fly out of this country as soon as he can get a plane. Halifax asked me why he was in such a hurry. I said, "Because he's frightened." Halifax: "You don't really think that?" I: "I certainly do, he's the first rat to leave the ship." And what the hell can he do anyway in Spain? Brute.

A miracle may save us: otherwise we're done.

Wednesday, 22 May

Cabinet 10.30. Winston had left at dawn for France. Neville in charge. Not much news—mainly because there is no co-ordination and no communications. What there is, is black as black. We put the Guards into Boulogne all

right. . . . Cabinet 7.30. Winston back. Pleased with his talks with Reynaud and Weygand. As regards latter, says he "looks too young to be entrusted with so important a command." Weygand has a plan. Counter-offensive should start tomorrow. But will the French fight? The command seems to have collapsed. CIGS says troops all right. But Dill says they have never fought anywhere, and Ismay seems inclined to agree. Our fellows will probably fight—as it is their only chance of getting out! What an appalling situation. . . . I asked Newall this evening if he'd had a good day. He said his reports weren't all in yet—but so far we had bagged seven. "The sort of stuff one gives away to the beaters—no good birds—Heinkels!"

Thursday, 23 May

The public don't grasp the situation at all. Sam's agreement received—thank heaven. So we can get him out of the country in a few days. Good riddance of v. bad rubbish. He wasted a lot of my time. Mosley arrested! Quite right. But there are 1000s of others who ought to be. . . . If Weygand can stage good counter-attack on flank attack in next 24 hours, we may avert complete disaster. But that is all the time he has.

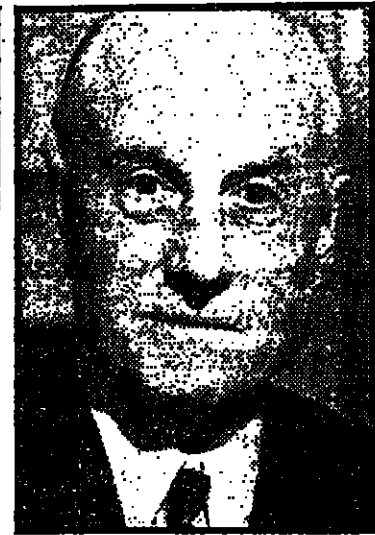
Friday, 24 May

Cabinet at 9. Reynaud coming over here for lunch. Plain that French are in very bad way. Letter from Spears showing they are talking about capitulating. They say they have 50 Divisions against 150 and insufficient material. Cabinet at 2. Churchill gave account of his conversation with Reynaud at lunch. Reynaud doesn't say that France will capitulate, but all his conversation goes to show that he sees no alternative. Summoned to Admiralty at five. Found Churchill, Halifax, Neville, Greenwood and Attlee. Discussed situation. Churchill seemed to think we might almost be better off if France did pull out and we could con-



VANSITTART . . .

'has just been made a Privy Counsellor! What on earth for?'



HOARE . . .

'dirty little dog has got the wind up and wants to get out'



BEAVERBROOK . . .

'I got a bad impression . . . trying to rush things into the shop window'



CHURCHILL . . .

'too rambling and romantic and sentimental and temperamental'

centrate on defence here. Not sure he's right. He against final appeal, which Reynaud wanted, to Muss. He may be right there. Settled nothing much. Churchill too rambling and romantic and sentimental. Old Neville still the best of the lot. . . . A non-stop nightmare. God grant that I can go on without losing faith or nerve. But where to?

After the afternoon Cabinet Halifax asked Churchill to come out into the garden with him. Halifax said to me "I can't work with Winston any longer." I said "Non-sense": his rhodomontades probably bore you as much as they do me, but don't do anything silly under the stress of that." Halifax came to have tea in my room after. Said he had spoken to Winston, who of course had been v. affectionate! I said I hoped he really wouldn't give way to an annoyance to which we were all subject and that, before he did anything, he would consult Neville. He said that of course he would and that, as I knew, he wasn't one to take hasty decisions.

Tuesday, 28 May

Cabinet 11.30. Dill brought

in unnamed British liaison officer, who left Belgium yesterday and paid tribute to their fighting and to the King. Silly old Roger Keyes also came, but he's stupid, sentimental and quite inarticulate. Prospects of B.E.F. look blacker than ever. Awful days!

On 28 May Ciano let Sir Percy Loraine, our Ambassador to Italy, see that Italy would soon enter the war. Afterwards, Halifax wondered whether it might not have been possible to bribe Mussolini: "but I do not think we could ever have offered him enough to tempt him, and Lorraine always disliked the idea of offering anything to Ciano. He never felt able to hand him £50,000 on the golf links."

Wednesday, 29 May

Walked to the Foreign Office—only sane moments I have. Everyone—principally Gladwyn Jebb—wanted me to see 100 people and read 1,000 long papers before 10.30. Can't be done and I reacted. Cabinet 11.30. News unpleasant. We have got off 40,000 men and taking them, at present, at rate of 2,000 an hr. But the end will be awful. A horrible discussion of what instructions to send to Gort. Churchill rather theatrically bulldogged. Opposed by Chamberlain and Halifax and

yielded to a reasonable extent. Fear relations will become rather strained. That is Winston's fault—theatricality. Discussion of what to do with ice-cream-vendors. Drown—the brutes is what I should like to do. . . .

Thursday, 30 May

Cabinet 12.30. Churchill produced much better instructions to Gort, ordering him to come away before the end and giving some latitude about final capitulation. . . . Cabinet 5.30 till 8. . . . P.M. off to Paris tomorrow morning. French look like running out and putting blame on us. And he must hearten them and keep them in the fight or we must cut out and fight alone—and cut a good figure too, I hope. V. tired, but how these others—Chiefs-of-Staff, &c. stand up to it, I can't think.

Friday, 31 May

P.M. in Paris. Cabinet at 11.30. By noon, we had taken off 164,000 men—a miracle! Lunch at home. Went with Theo (Cadogan's wife) to choose rugs. Just as well to give away Treasury notes, which will be worth nothing, for goods of value! . . .

Sunday, 2 June

Cabinet 8.30. French howling for assistance on the Somme. Perhaps we should give them a token, but it's so much down the drain. It won't do any good—I won't prevent the French reviling us. I'd really sooner cut loose and concentrate on defence of these islands—come the 4 quarters of the world in arms! We should really be better off! Decision postponed for report of Chiefs of Staff. Labour members, Neville, Halifax, and I think, Archibald Sinclair, think with me. Sentimental Winston rather doubtful.

Monday, 3 June

Cabinet 11.30. Dowding [Fighter Command] there and exposed the extent of the strain on RAF fighters. Discussion as to reply to be sent to French appeal for help on Somme. Glad to say it was decided not to fall between two stools and not to send over fighter protection over to France. That would be fatal. . . .

Tuesday, 4 June

Cabinet 11.30. Discussed reply to French appeal. Churchill trying hard to send out fighters to help them. But they're no use. If I could see any signs of the French fighting I should take a risk. But they don't. And they ignored our 24-hour warning of raid on Paris yesterday, and the pilots were all at lunch! 40 machines on the ground, and 4 got off!

Thursday, 6 June

Vansittart has been made a Privy Counsellor! What on earth for? He has now, by well-earned dismissal, achieved a GCB and a PC!! Found Halifax this morning sealing up a letter to Vansittart—con-

gratulating him, I suppose. Halifax is a queer fish.

Monday, 10 June

Cabinet at 12.30. French more or less holding, but in reply to a question whether they will continue to do so, Dill blithely answered "No." What fun! Churchill said he was going over to France after lunch, but subsequently cancelled it—largely, I suspect, because French Government are packing up and leaving today. . . .

6. Muss declared war. Am rather glad. Now we can say what we think of these purulent dogs.

Tuesday, 11 June

Cabinet 12.30. Not much news as French G.Q.G. and Government have moved. But French seem to be holding pretty well. Churchill off to France again this afternoon. . . .

Wednesday, 12 June

Saw Halifax . . . who said Winston had brought back news that French were evidently cracking. Well, if they must, let them crack and let us concentrate on our own defence and the defeat of Germany, instead of dribbling away to France all that we have that is good—and losing it. But what a look-out! God give us courage. Bombing attack on N. Italy last night a flop—owing to bad weather and French opposition!

Thursday, 13 June

Halifax rang up at 9 to say P.M. sent for by Reynaud and going over to France—wants Halifax and me to go with him. Got to the Foreign Office at 9.50 and told Halifax starting from Dorchester [Hotel] at 10. Gladwyn Jebb motored me there and we got to Hendon at 10.30. Churchill got up late and didn't turn up till 11. Flew in Flamingo with Halifax, P.M., Beaverbrook, and Ismay in other machine. . . . Out to Weymouth. . . . Over Channel Islands and to Tours. Thunderstorm and rain as we arrived on peck-marked bombed aerodrome. No one expected us and I got hold of French A.F. officer who was very helpful and supplied cars to take us to Préfecture. Complete chaos. But managed to impress who we were. Préfet at last arrived and got Reynaud on telephone. Arranged to meet 3.45 and went off to lunch at a hotel. V. good lunch and Churchill in v. good form. . . . Only Reynaud

there for French. He said French army bust and asked us to release him from no-separate-peace agreement. He said he had been heartened by Roosevelt's message allowing publication of his appeal. So we said make another—last appeal, and meanwhile we won't answer your question, Spears [Churchill's personal representative with French Prime Minister] told me he hadn't been in this mood at noon. But old Pétain completely défailliste—also Weygand: it's not his war. Reynaud improved later, but he's v. mercurial. Off the ground soon after 6. Landed Hendon about 8.30. Dined at home. Cabinet 10.45 till 1.15. Good message from Roosevelt which crossed Reynaud's last appeal. We sent appreciative message to Roosevelt, another to Reynaud saying he'd got all he wanted, and a message of solidarity from France to England. Home about 1.30. V. tired. Had about five hours in plane which should be restful—but rattling. Dahlias being put in!

Friday, 14 June

Germans entering Paris. Everything as black as black. Even Turks running out. . . . Censor at 7.30 said message intercepted to effect that Pétain has formed a Government. If true, that means capitulation and all lost.

Saturday, 15 June

Cabinet at 10. French army seems to have disintegrated. After Neville brought up proposal—which he didn't think much of (nor I)—for fusion of British and French Governments—I had meanwhile drafted telegram to Bordeaux, suggesting French Government should come here. That is the most practical step. Draft approved. I broke away at lunchtime—I've had 10 weeks non-stop and it's too much almost, even for me! . . . Went out in a deluge of rain and picked peas and dug potatoes for our dinner, which was excellent. Did some writing after, but won't look at work! Everything awful. . . . We'll all fight like cats—or die rather than submit to Hitler. US look pretty useless. Well, we must die without them.

© 1971 The Executors of the late Sir Alexander Cadogan

Extracted from "The Diaries of Sir Alexander Cadogan, 1938-1945," edited by David Dilks, to be published by Cassell, price £6.00, on November 11.

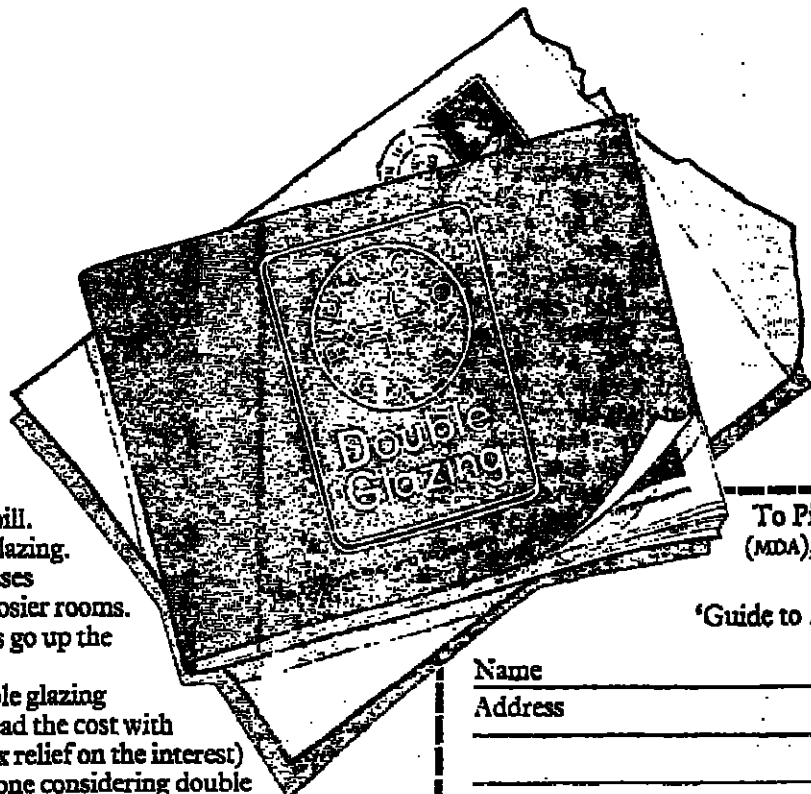
Next week: Anthony Eden makes a diplomatic blunder

Comforting reading for people with big central heating bills.

You're very happy with your central heating. Until you get your bill. That's a sure sign you need double glazing. Double glazing reduces heat losses through the windows. It makes for cosier rooms. It saves fuel, and the more fuel prices go up the more your double glazing saves you.

You have a wide choice of double glazing systems and prices, and you can spread the cost with readily available home loans (with tax relief on the interest). The required reading for everyone considering double glazing is the guide prepared by Pilkington, the glassmakers. It tells you all about the different types, including the all-glass unit which is sealed for life—Pilkington 'Insulight Glasstoplas'®.

For your free copy of this guide, just post the coupon.



To Pilkington Double Glazing (MDA), P.O. Box 8, Nottingham

Please send me 'Guide to Modern Double Glazing'

Name _____

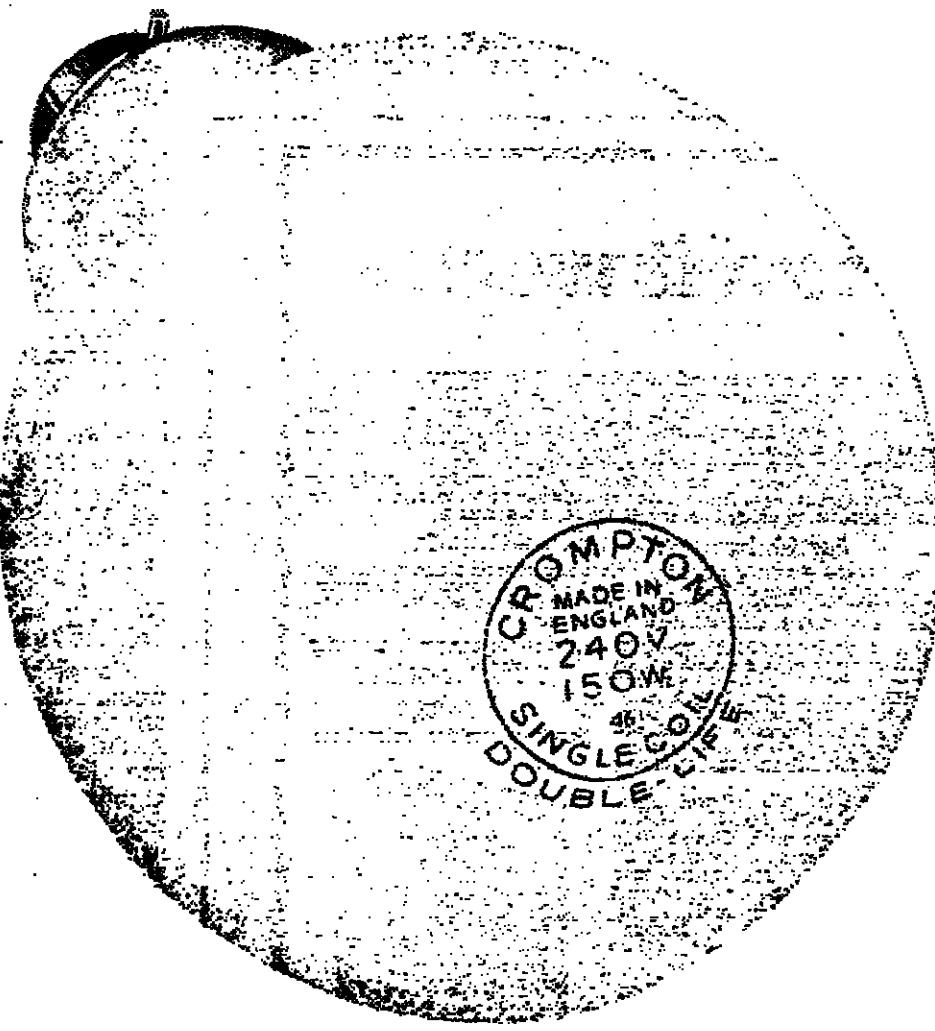
Address _____

Pilkington lead the world in glassmaking



Crompton

Double-Life bulbs last twice as long as ordinary bulbs.



So it pays to insist on Crompton Double-Life bulbs.

While ordinary bulbs last you a thousand hours—Crompton Double-Life bulbs of the same wattage are guaranteed to give you an average life of two thousand hours. They use no more current either, and cost

only about 20% more. Available from all branches of Civic Stores and from most progressive electrical shops, they halve the bother of changing bulbs. And nearly halve the cost of replacement too.

HAWKER SIDDELEY

CROMPTON LAMPS & TUBES

CROMPTON PARKINSON LIMITED, CROMPTON HOUSE, 35/41 BRIDGE STREET, NORTHAMPTON, NN1 1NY.

Hawker Siddeley Group supplies mechanical, electrical and aerospace equipment with world-wide sales and service.

Jane Goodall's final, moving story of the chimpanzees—and her verdict on their lessons for human society

THE DEATH OF MR MCGREGOR

WAS AWAY FROM THE GOMBE Stream when the timidly had a new baby, but I was there a month later when, one evening, she walked slowly into my supporting him with one hand. Each time she made a sudden movement he uttered a loud squawk, as though in pain.

It was soon obvious that the baby was very ill indeed. All four limbs hung limply and he screamed almost every time his mother took a step. When Oly sat down, very carefully arranging his legs so not to crush them, his elder sister Gilka went and sat close to her mother and stared at the infant.

Oly ate a couple of bananas and then set off along the Gully, with Gilka and me following. Oly moved for only a few yards at a time and then, though worried by the screams of her infant, sat down cradling him close.

After travelling about a hundred yards, which took her over half an hour, Oly climbed into a tree. Again she carefully arranged her baby's arms and legs on her lap and she sat down.

When we had been there for fifteen minutes it began to rain, a blinding deluge, which almost obscured the limbs from my sight. During the storm, which went on for forty minutes, the baby must have died or lost consciousness; when Oly left the tree afterwards he made no sound and his head lolled back limply as his arms and legs.

I was amazed at the sudden complete change in Oly's handling of her baby. I had noticed a young and inexperienced mother carrying her baby and, even the day after its death, she had held the body as though it were still alive, cradling it against her breast. But Oly climbed down the tree with her infant carefully in one hand and, when she reached the ground, she laid the limp body over her shoulder.

It was as though she knew the baby was dead. Perhaps it was because he did not move or that her maternal instincts were no longer aroused.

The following day Oly lived in camp, followed by Gilka, with the corpse of her infant slung over her shoulder. When she sat down the body sometimes dropped heavily to the ground. It was gruesome to watch, and several of the young male chimpanzees went over and stared.

Presently Oly wandered away from camp and she and Gilka, with me following, went the way up the opposite mountain slope. There she sat down.

The dead infant slumped to the ground beside her and, rather than to glance down at it, Oly ignored it. She sat, staring into space.



Photographs by Hugo van Lawick

hardly moving for the next half-hour save to hit away the fast-gathering swarm of flies.

Now, at last, came Gilka's opportunity to play with her sibling. It was not easy to watch. Already the corpse had begun to smell; the face and belly showed a definite greenish tinge, and the eyes, which were wide open, stared glassily ahead.

Inch by inch, glancing repeatedly up at her mother's face, Gilka pulled the body towards her. Carefully she groomed it, and then with a quick glance towards her mother, Gilka carefully lifted the dead body of her sibling and pressed it to her breast. Only then did Oly's lethargy leave her for a moment. She snatched the body away but then, once more, let it fall to the ground.

The following afternoon Oly and Gilka arrived in camp with the body. Somewhere in the valley Oly must finally have abandoned it.

Had we known, at the time, that Oly's infant was, without doubt, the first victim of the terrible paralytic disease that struck our chimpanzee community, I should never have followed the family—for, at that time, my own baby was on the way. But we had no suspicion, and the next victims did not appear for another two weeks.

Later we discovered that there had been a bad outbreak of poliomyelitis amongst the African population in the Kigoma district: since chimpan-

zees are susceptible to almost every human infectious disease and are known to get polio, it seems almost certain that this was the epidemic which afflicted our chimpanzees.

We did not know to what lengths the disease might ravage the chimpanzee community, and we felt it was worth at least trying to stop it by treating those that were healthy. The Pitzer Laboratories in Nairobi generously supplied us with the oral vaccine, and we gave it to the chimps in bananas.

I think those few months were the worst I have ever lived through for, every time a chimp stopped visiting the feeding area for a while, we started to wonder whether we would ever see him again.

Fifteen chimpanzees in our group were afflicted, of whom six lost their lives. Some of the victims were lucky and survived with only minor disabilities; Gilka lost partial use of one hand, and another young female, Melissa, was affected in her neck and shoulders. The magnificent young males, Pepe and Faben, both appeared after short absences trailing one useless arm. But it is the nightmare of Mr McGregor's illness that still haunts us.

IT WAS QUITE late in the evening when my husband, Hugo, noticed Flo, Fifi and Flint moving cautiously towards a low bush, just below camp, staring intently and every so often, uttering soft worried calls as they stood upright to peer over the long grass. We hurried down to see what was happening.

We saw the flies first. Every leaf and twig near the bush bore its burden of metallic blue and green flies, buzzing angrily as our approach disturbed them. As we cautiously moved closer we expected to see some dead creature—but it was Mr McGregor, and he was alive.

He was sitting on the ground reaching for the tiny purple berries that grew on the bush above his head, stuffing them into his mouth. It was not until he wanted to reach another cluster of the fruit that we realised the horror of what had happened.

Looking towards the berries, the old male seized hold of a low branch and pulled himself along the ground—both his legs trailed uselessly after him. When next he wanted to shift his position he put both hands behind him on the ground and inched his body backwards in a sitting position.

Flo and her family soon moved away, but Hugo and I stayed there until darkness fell. To our amazement Mr McGregor was able to pull himself up into a low-branched tree, using only his powerful arms. He hauled himself quite high and then managed to build a small nest.

As he climbed we saw the reason for the horde of flies for he had lost the use of the sphincter muscle of his bladder and, every time he strained to reach a higher branch, a spurt of urine trickled down his paralysed thighs.

The next ten days—and they

seemed more like ten years—had a nightmare quality. We kept hoping to notice some flicker of life return to his paralysed legs, but he never twitched as much as a toe. During this time he did not move from the vicinity of our feeding area.

Usually, having risen at about eleven o'clock, he was back in his nest by half-past four or so. At first he was apprehensive if we approached too closely and threatened us with a quick raising of one arm and a soft bark. But after two days he seemed to sense that we were trying to help—and after this he even lay back and allowed me to pour water from a sponge into his open mouth.

We made a little basket of leaves, which we filled with food—bananas, palm nuts, any wild foods we could collect—and pushed it up to him in his nest on the end of a long stick. When he had vacated his nest in the mornings, we climbed up and cleaned it for him.

One of the most tragic things about the whole affair was the reaction of the other chimps. Initially, almost certainly, they were frightened by the strangeness of his condition. One after the other they approached him with their hair on end and, after staring, began to display around him.

Goliath actually attacked the stricken old male who, powerless to flee or defend himself in any way, could only cower down, his face split by a hideous grin of terror, whilst Goliath pounded on his back. When another adult male bore down on McGregor, hair bristling, huge branch falling the ground, Hugo and I went to stand in front of the cripple and, to our relief, the displaying male turned aside.

After two or three days the others got used to McGregor's strange appearance and grotesque movements, but they kept well away from him. There was one afternoon that, without doubt, was from my point of view the most painful of the whole ten days. A group of eight chimps had gathered and were grooming each other in a tree about sixty yards from where McGregor lay in his nest.

The sick male stared towards them, occasionally giving little grunts. Finally he dragged himself from his nest, lowered himself to the ground and, in short stages, began the long journey to join the others. When at last he reached the tree he gave a loud grunt of pleasure and reached a hand towards them in greeting—but even before he made contact they swung quickly away and, without a backward glance, started grooming on the far side of the tree.

For a full two minutes old Gregor sat motionless, staring after them. And then he laboriously lowered himself to the ground. As I watched him sitting there alone, my vision blurred, and when I looked up at the groomers in the tree I came nearer to hating a chimpanzee than I have ever done before or since.

On the tenth evening, when we went down with his supper, Mr McGregor was not in his nest, nor could we see him sitting in the grass. When we

found him, after a short search, we soon realised that, somehow, he had dislocated one arm. And then we knew that, in the morning, we should have to shoot our old friend.

We had known it, secretly, all along—yet we had waited, hoping for a miracle. I stayed with him for a while and, as dusk fell, he looked up more and more often into the tree above him. I realised that he must want to make a nest, so I cut and took to him a large pile of green vegetation. At once he manoeuvred himself on to it, lay down and, with one hand and his chin, tucked the twigs over to make a comfortable pillow.

I went down to see him later that night, and it says much for the extent to which we had won his trust and confidence that, having heard my voice, he closed his eyes and went back to sleep, three feet away and with his back to me and my bright pressure lamp. Next morning, whilst he was grunting in delight over his favourite food—two eggs which we had given him—we sent him, unsuspecting, to happier hunting grounds.

THE AMAZING SUCCESS OF man as a species (if success is indeed the proper word) is the result of the evolutionary development of his brain which has led, among other things, to tool-using and tool-making, the ability to solve problems by logical reasoning, thoughtful co-operation, and language.

One of the most striking ways in which the chimpanzee, biologically, resembles man lies in the structure of his brain. The chimpanzee, with his marked capacity for primitive reasoning, exhibits a type of intelligence closer to that of man than is the case with any other mammal living today. The brain of the modern chimpanzee, in fact, is probably not too dissimilar to the brain that so many millions of years ago directed the behaviour of the first ape-men.

Until I first watched David Greybeard and Goliath modifying grass stems so that they could use them to fish for termites, the fact that prehistoric man made tools was considered to be one of the major criteria which distinguished him from other creatures. The chimpanzee does not fashion his probes to "a regular and set pattern"—but then prehistoric man, before his development of stone tools, undoubtedly poked around with sticks and straws. At that stage it seems unlikely that he made tools to a set pattern either.

So far no chimpanzee has succeeded in using one tool to make another, yet, in time, the chimpanzee might develop a more sophisticated tool culture. After all, primitive man continued to use his early stone tools for thousands of years, virtually without change. Then, suddenly, we find a more refined type of stone tool culture appearing widespread across the continents.

If the chimpanzee is allowed to continue living he too might suddenly produce a race of chimp super-brains and evolve a brand new tool-culture. For it seems almost certain that whilst the ability to manipulate objects is innate in a chimpanzee, the actual tool-using patterns practised by the Gombe Stream chimpanzees are learned by the infants from their elders.

One very significant aspect of chimpanzee behaviour lies in the close similarity of many of their communicatory gestures and postures to those of man himself. Not only are the actual positions and movements similar to our own, but also the contexts in which they often occur.



Jane Goodall with her son, "Grub": observation of chimp mothers influenced her approach to his early upbringing.

When a chimpanzee is suddenly frightened he frequently reaches to touch or embrace a chimpanzee close by, rather as a girl, watching a horror film, may seize her companion's hand. Both chimpanzees and humans seem reassured, in stressful situations, by physical contact with another individual.

This comfort probably originates during the years of infancy when, for so long, the touch of the mother, or the contact with her body, serves to calm the frights and soothe the anxieties of both ape and human infants.

There are some chimps who, far more than others, constantly seem to try to ingratiate themselves with their superiors—just as there are people who, when trying to be extra friendly, reach out to touch the person concerned and smile very frequently and attentively. Usually they are, for some reason or other, people who are unsure of themselves and slightly ill at ease in social contexts.

When chimpanzees are overjoyed by the sight of a large pile of bananas they pat and kiss and embrace one another rather as two Frenchmen may embrace when they hear good news, or as a child may leap to hug his mother when told of a special treat.

It is if we begin to consider the moral issues at stake when, say, one human begs forgiveness from another, or himself forgives, that we get into difficulties when trying to draw parallels between human and chimpanzee behaviour.

Whilst we may make a direct comparison between the effect on anxious chimpanzee or human of a touch or embrace of reassurance, the issue becomes complicated if we probe into the motivation which directs the gesture of the ape or the human who is doing the reassuring. For humans are capable of acting from purely selfish motives; we can be genuinely sorry for someone and try to share in his troubles in an endeavour to offer comfort and solace.

It is unlikely that a chimpanzee acts from feelings quite like these; I doubt whether even members of one family, united as they are by strong mutual affections, are ever motivated by pure altruism in their dealings one with another. On the other hand, there may be parallels in some instances. Most of us have experienced sensations of extreme discomfort and unease in the presence of an abject, weeping person. We may feel compelled to try to calm him, not because we are sorry for him, in the altruistic sense, but because his behaviour disturbs our own feeling of well-being.

Perhaps the sight—and especially the sound—of a crouching, screaming subordinate similarly makes a chimpanzee uneasy; the most efficient way of changing the situation is for him to calm the other with a touch.

When two chimpanzees greet each other after a separation their behaviour often looks amazingly like that shown by two humans in the same con-

hand, or touch her head, in response to her submission.

It is not only the submissive and reassuring gestures of the chimpanzee that so closely resemble our own. Many of his games are like those played by human children. The tickling movements of chimpanzee fingers during play are almost identical to our own.

The chimpanzee's aggressive displays are not unlike some of ours. Like a man an angry chimpanzee may fixly stare at his opponent. He may raise his forearm rapidly, jerk back his head a little, run towards his adversary upright and waving his arms, throw stones, wield sticks, hit, kick, bite, scratch and pull the hair of a victim.

In fact, if we survey the whole range of the postural and gestural communication signals of chimpanzees and humans, we find striking similarities in many instances. It would appear, then, that either man and chimp have evolved gestures and postures along a most remarkable parallel, or that we share, with the chimpanzees, an ancestor in the dim and very distant past, an ancestor, moreover, who communicated with his kind by means of kissing and embracing, touching and patting and holding hands.

One of the major differences between man and his closest living relative is, of course, that the chimpanzee has not developed the power of speech. Even the most intensive efforts to teach young chimps to talk have met with virtually no success. Verbal language does indeed represent a truly gigantic stride forward in man's evolution.

All the same, when humans come to an exchange of emotional feelings, most people fall back on the old chimpanzee-type of gestural communication—the cheering pat, the embrace of exuberance, the clasp of hands. And when, on these occasions, we use words too, we often use them in rather the same way as a chimpanzee utters his calls—on an emotional level.

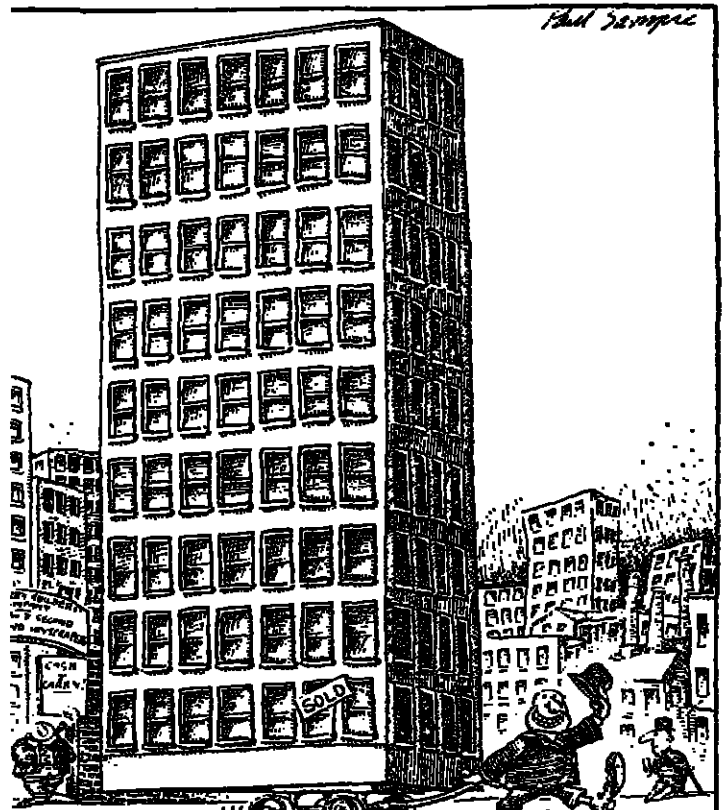
It is only through a real understanding of the ways in which chimpanzees and men show similarities in behaviour that we can reflect, with meaning, on the ways in which men and chimpanzees differ. And only then can we really begin to appreciate, in a biological and spiritual manner, the full extent of man's uniqueness. Man indeed overshadows the chimpanzee. Yet the chimpanzee is, nevertheless, a creature of immense significance to the understanding of man.

Just as he is overshadowed by us, so the chimpanzee overshadows all other animals. He has the ability to solve quite complex problems, he can use and make tools for a variety of purposes, his social structure and methods of communication with his fellows are elaborate, and he shows the beginnings of self-awareness. Who knows what the chimpanzee will be like forty million years hence?

(CONCLUDED)

By Jane and Hugo van Lawick-Goodall 1971

These articles are edited from *In the Shadow of Man*, by Jane van Lawick-Goodall, with photographs by Hugo van Lawick, to be published on October 18 by Collins at £2.50.



Looking for an office or factory?

You'll find some good leads on page 62.

What chimpanzees eat

LIKE MAN, the chimpanzee is an omnivore and feeds on vegetables and meat—and also insects.

Vegetables: Over 90 different species of tree and plant used by the Gombe Stream chimpanzees for food have already been identified. They have been seen eating over 50 types of fruit and over 30 types of leaf and leaf bud. They also eat some blossoms, seeds, barks and piths. Sometimes they lick resin from tree trunks or chew on waxes of dead wood fibre.

Insects: Throughout the year the following kinds of insects may be eaten in large quantities: 3 species of ant, 2 species of termite, 1 species of caterpillar of a moth as yet unidentified. These chimps also eat a variety of crabs—the larvae of different beetles, wasps, gall flies, etc. Bee larvae are eaten when chimpanzees raid bees' nests and feed on honey.

Birds: Eggs and fledglings: Occasionally the chimpanzees take eggs or fledglings from the nests of a wide variety of birds.

Meat: The Gombe Stream



chimpanzees are efficient hunters: a group of about 40 individuals may catch over 20 different prey animals during one year. Most common prey animals are the young of bushbucks, bushpigs and baboons, and young or adult colobus monkeys. Occasionally chimpanzees may catch a red-tail monkey or a blue monkey.

Minerals: The chimps sometimes eat small quantities of soil containing salt.

Take a stroll in the Strand

Strand is a dramatic new shoe from Barker. Two-toned; hi-shine black calf set off brown 'Old Clobber' craft finish. A criss-cross strap accentuates the blind-seamed apron. Leather soles. Decidedly expensive at around £9.75. But Strand is a decisive kind of shoe.

Barker



Catalogue from Barker Shoes Limited, Earls Barton, Northampton

Let's conquer cancer in the '70's.

Cancer Research Campaign

To: Sir John Reiss, (Dept. STL1), Cancer Research Campaign, 2 Carlton House Terrace, London S.W.1.

I would like to help the Cancer Research Campaign to conquer cancer by the end of the 1970's. I understand that my money will help finance the research necessary to achieve this aim.

Name _____

Address _____

I enclose _____

J W LAMBERT: BOND'S 'LEAR'
DILYS POWELL: THE NEW BUNUEL
A PAGE OF FICTION



Alan Brien settles down before the screen to start his assignment as television critic and finds it

A GAME THAT TWO CAN PLAY

THE SIDE of Frank Marker, under the name of Philip Marlow, looks like a society playboy. Incarnated as Alfred Burke, with the bony, aged face of a punch-drunk gig, this Public Eye sticks close to the middle-class code of our messy bachelor habits, round of back-street bachelors, night Wimpy bars and chummy idiomats, insulated by his raincoat from all middle-class temptations. He is the sleuth we can't really miss, kind of thing, because he has done his job of porridge inside and there doesn't believe The Law is any right.

Last Wednesday, he seemed on the verge of exposing Detective Inspector Firkbank as a corrupt, overcover ally of a local crime when an odd thing happened. The episode suddenly turned into a football match. Marker and Firkbank were racing each other for ball, the crowd roared, the commentator's sentences ran together in one long word, and we were on an ant-replay. God knows what is Thames Television to stage an elaborate metaphor with as of thousands, I thought, trying to make a note with a hand while re-adjusting a headband had turned through 360 degrees. Honesty being the only virtue essential to all critics, I admit I had fallen asleep at 9.50, remained oblivious crumpled throughout News at Ten, tossed and turned fitfully for those lightning reflexes which have made me a household name, might have tobogganed on armchair sled into the middle of professional Wrestling from the Gardens, Morecambe.

As much for my intention of signing my arrival in Maurice's seat (perhaps he strapped me to the middle of his back a compulsive snorer?) by seeing one entire night with eyes to the telly, grasshoppering a channel to channel. Sleep is a greater enemy of viewing of loving, and awakes the same anxiety. It is, I am discovering, a game that two should play, the flickering light in the darkness, the insistent drone of voices, the feeling you are last person left alive in an ant-universe receiving pre-recorded instructions is a potent lure for hypnosis. ("Hypnotic" should be used as a term for future programmes.) You need somebody cursing, or, or, or even just fidgeting, at the side. Three is too many, at for the paid watcher, because other two will form an alliance nake distracting conversation.

Well, what about the Professional Wrestling then? I yield to almost everyone in my interest in sport watching. What counts for me are only the highlights, not the run up—the World Cup, the Heavyweight Championship of the World, Wimbledon, the Grand National. I do not know enough about the technique and the tactics to follow any of them, week by week, and I am too old to learn.

With Professional Wrestling, the emphasis is on the adjective rather than the noun. It is an entertainment as ritualised, predictable, apparently inexhaustible, as the TV Western. Nobody is allowed to be in any doubt, on that night anyway, who is the goody and who is the baddy, and there is no pretence that either wins larger rewards in money or in fame by winning or losing. This must be the most childish-minded of TV offerings, Tom and Jerry from retarded grown-ups, making Blue Peter seem like the Open University. Is it then harmless, innocent, totally unworthy of intelligent analysis?

My objection is not to the performers (a constant reassurance to the overweight that fatness is not always incompatible with health and agility) but to the audience. If a cross-section of ordinary people can sit there believing that they are spectators at a serious contest between men who fight to win, what hope have we of trusting their capacity to see through political demagogues who shadow-box on the box, downing imaginary foes and celebrating phantom triumphs? Those frothing ladies who demonstrate their indignation at the ring-side cannot also, surely, be members of the Variety Artists Federation. And what about the commentators who also bolster the illusion?

At Morecambe, I noticed a new technical device since last I awoke in the presence of a mass pastime I would not willingly eavesdrop upon in the flesh—the microphone now picks up the wrestlers' dialogue in close-up. It may be that soon it will be necessary to give credits to scriptwriters as well as choreographers for these pugilistic ballets. The best I can say for such time-killing is that the actors are often more word-perfect, and sure in their movements, than some of their colleagues in TV drama.

But I did expend hours on end last week, if not glued to, at least stationed in the vicinity of, my set, eyes and ears alimbo to the medium and the message. Despite a close reading of my fellow labourers in the vineyard, I am still not sure what is needed from the Sunday paper reviewer rounding up at the end of the week? Is he a polymath, digesting sociology and soccer, drama and comedy, foreign affairs and domestic affairs, classics and commercials, and then spitting out the pips, clean and polished and threaded on a string like conkers?

Should he knit together a seamless essay on some theme he has convinced himself can be discerned in the patternless pattern which a dozen different companies and departments scatter over three channels? What is more infuriating to the viewer, which sometimes must include every living person in Britain—to be told that he missed an hour or two of irreplaceable pleasure and education? Or to be reminded that he wasted an hour or two in boredom and triviality?

Last week, the theme could have been pollution embodied in the electric presence of Professor Ehrlich, a smiling, slightly vulpine, curiously immobile, totally winning prophet of the doom which awaits our offspring in only fifteen years or so when we hand over to them a ransacked and ruined planet, the spaceship Earth. He appeared at least three times, as impervious to aggressive jolly probing as to sympathetic encouragement, and the visual evidence was presented with picturesque horror in BBC2's Europa through tough, outspoken films made in Germany and Switzerland. This was open propaganda blowing out of the box with chill, reviving anger, so refreshing after the balmy, inhibited gentleness of so much of our native product. The two rival news background programmes, Today and Nationwide are fortunately free from these worries nowadays, plunging in with crusading stories about bullying slum landlords and callous tippers of poison on the countryside.

The biggest disappointment of the week was the BBC's Great Spy Scandal, rushed on at the last moment, which would have been much improved by being delayed indefinitely. Some of this rose to accidental heights only otherwise scaled by the incomparable, endlessly inventive Monty Python, especially the depiction of a ludicrous film (shot in 1968) of a British agent in white popping a message under a tree to be picked up by a Soviet agent in black. It was a feature designed to win a prize for the irrelevance of visuals to commentary, especially the double agent "Jim Walker" who presumably earned his *nom-de-guerre* by the unconvincing way he walked and walked through some steady pleasure-gardens, rolling his bottom. This was the kind of insinuating, infantile, cold-war propaganda which only feeds back sniggers and doubts—one of the key indictments of the cunning Russkies, for example, was their habit of inviting foreigners to their shores, paying their expenses and showing them all that is best in the land. A beastly unfair way to trick the gullible, and one naturally never practised by the British on Continentals or Americans on British, but hardly deserving to be dubbed "moral blackmail".

THE SUNDAY TIMES



Harold Pinter rehearses Vivien Merchant and T. P. McKenna in Joyce's "Exiles" which he originally directed at the Mermaid last year. The new production opens at the Aldwych on Thursday

NEWS IN THE ARTS

Robert Graves signs new art deal

KENNETH PEARSON

ROBERT GRAVES signed a contract last week with Motif Editions to contribute seven hand-written new poems to a series of lithographs which Paul Hogarth will illustrate. This is the first time Graves has done anything of this kind except for one poem to a Miro drawing which fetched £3,000 for charity. Edward Booth-Clibborn, head of Motif (you can see their historic Labour Party posters in the Colour Magazine today), clinched the deal in Majorca where Graves and Hogarth are neighbours. The suite, which will be printed in Paris, will be published in a limited edition of 75 or 100 copies next spring.

Strauss stresses
AN ATV PARTY leaves for Vienna in two weeks time to research the little-known early music of Father Strauss. The results will go into the opening sequences in an eight-play study of the Strauss family, which Cecil Clarke, head of ATV's drama department, insists will not turn out to be an extended musical. The eight plays, all written by TV author Anthony Skene and each an hour long, will concentrate on the key characters and their development. "We shall use the music," says Clarke, "when we find them at their work. But it won't dominate." David Reid, David Giles ("Forsyte Saga") and Peter Potter will direct the series between them. Shooting starts in December and will go on until May. We should see the Strauss family on our screens late next year.

Durable Dürer
ONE OF THE BIGGEST Dürer exhibitions ever mounted will be staged later this month at the British Museum. Called "The Graphic Work of Dürer," the exhibition will display about 370 drawings and prints nearly all of which are the museum's own property. Pride of the show, however, will be one or two watercolours. It is rare for Dürer's work in this field to have survived. Cele-

brating the 500th anniversary of the artist's birth has become a major industry this year. There are still Dürer exhibitions to open in Boston and Vienna.

Bluebeard book

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL, novelist, poet and long-time BBC drama producer, has just finished a study of French crime for Peter Owen. It's called "Bluebeard and After: three decades of murder in France." And its publication coincides, not accidentally of course, with the 50th anniversary of the execution of the Marquis de Sade. HeppenSTALL's total of murders was a modest eleven. Nothing compared with the final study in HeppenSTALL's book. Here he examines the case of Dr Marcel Petiot who is reckoned to have done away with some 63 victims in Paris during the last war. Sandwiched between these two cases is the murderer Eugen Weid-

mann, the last man to be publicly executed in France—in June, 1939. HeppenSTALL reckons he'll still have a lot of material for future books. "New reforms won't change things," he says. "Murder is endemic to the human race."

Artful Haldane

"SOMETIMES I do little cats and dogs. My wife likes them. She thinks they're funny. I suppose if I was a bachelor I'd paint erotic sex pictures," says Mr Jim Haldane, a year and a half out of the Royal College of Art, and the seller last week of £1,500 worth of his pictures. His show, still on at the Workshop in Bloomsbury, has taken artist and dealer by surprise. "Well... mmm... I'm pleased," says Haldane. "I can survive for another year. But it wouldn't have mattered if I hadn't sold. I'd have got a job for six months and started again later." Haldane's career so far has

been remarkable to everyone except himself. He trained for four years at a Brighton college and then took a job as a waiter in the town. It was a Scottish fellow-waiter, a man who wanted to be a writer, who encouraged him to try for the RCA. They were so impressed they took him without A levels. They gave him a scholarship to visit America and so he went with his wife to Egypt.

Gypsy for London

WELL, AT LAST. In 1958 I sat in a Broadway theatre and clapped Ethel Merman until my hands were sore as she sang the leading role in the musical "Gypsy." Two of the "West Side" team, lyric-writer Stephen Sondheim and author Arthur Laurents, had helped to turn Gypsy Rose Lee's reminiscences into a Broadway show of high quality. Don't judge it by the Rosalind Russell film version. That was a shocking travesty. Now a New York management is planning to open "Gypsy" in London next spring.

Pack from Wolves

DAVID RODGERS, enterprising curator of the Wolverhampton art gallery, is planning a show in December which looks as though it is already booked for London. Michael Horowitz has written an epic poem, "The Wolverhampton Wanderer," about the town, which Latimer Press will soon launch. And it is the illustrations to this book which Rodgers will display. What gives the distinction is the standing of their artists: Hamilton, Blake, Hockney, Topolski, etc., a list which goes on to include a remarkable number of artists/poets—Tom Phillips, Adrian Henri, Jeff Nuttall, Horowitz himself and so on. From December 2, a two-day series of events will launch the show in the gallery and in local pubs. Horowitz has some mad idea of all the poets playing a game against the Wolves. "They'd all get kicked to death," says Rodgers. Two London galleries are showing interest in a transfer.



A Wanted Buddha

THE STATISTICS about the gentleman on the left are important: head of Buddha, carved in fine-grained brownish mica-schist, from Sultangang, Bihar State, 8th/9th century AD, height 8 1/2 inches. Museum No. IS 171-1949. He was stolen from the Victoria and Albert Museum in September 1958. The head is one of the most important sculptures in the Indian Primary collections. It was bought in 1949 for £40 but is now worth about £3,000. Its arrival at the museum was not without excitement. It was found by John Irwin, keeper of the V and A's Indian section. He spotted it at a bazaar junkshop. It was being used as a doorstop.

Hotels and Resorts

DON AREA
IE HOTEL WITH A DIFFERENCE
Shrouded in Kensington central quiet, good middle-class atmosphere. Light housekeeping, full bar, pool, tennis, etc. Double and twin rooms, all with private bathrooms. Full C.H. lift, night reception, resident baby-sitter, laundry, etc. Single from £2.50 incl. breakfast. Tel. 01-587 5374.

DON HOTELS
EDEN PARK HOTEL
35/55 OVERSEAS TOURISTS. 112/122 PARK, W.3. Tel. 01-587 1425. A few minutes from the Park and 10 minutes to the West End. 140 luxury bedrooms, with private phone and radio. Restaurant, bar, etc. Single from £2.75, twin £5.50 including Continental breakfast. 10% service fee.

EDEN PARK HOTEL
135-137 Shaftesbury, W.1. Tel. 01-587 1425. A few minutes from the Park and 10 minutes to the West End. 140 luxury bedrooms, with private phone and radio. Restaurant, bar, etc. Single from £2.75, twin £5.50 including Continental breakfast. 10% service fee.

LIME TREE HOTEL
135-137 Shaftesbury, W.1. Tel. 01-587 1425. A few minutes from the Park and 10 minutes to the West End. 140 luxury bedrooms, with private phone and radio. Restaurant, bar, etc. Single from £2.75, twin £5.50 including Continental breakfast. 10% service fee.

FAIRLAWN APARTMENTS
Sleep 2-7 in C.H. s/c service. Day, all with kitchen, bathroom, etc. Tel. 01-229 5006.

NEWMAN HOUSE
LONDON
ELIZABETH HOTELS
4 Lancaster Terrace, Hyde Park, London, W.2. Tel. 01-229 5006.

LANCASTER GATE HOTEL
LONDON, W.2.
Where a warm welcome awaits you. Ideal for sightseeing, shopping, and for a quiet stay. Tel. 01-229 5006.

KENSINGTON HOTEL
118 Queens Gate, S.W.7. Tel. 01-587 1425.

PROVINCIAL
SAUNTON SANDS Hotel
Turkey and Christmas are just around the corner. Tel. 01-229 5006.

PARK COURT HOTEL
Overlooking Kensington Gardens. All rooms with private bath, shower and television. Tel. 01-229 5006.

CORNWALL
SHIP & CASTLE
HOTELS
1126 bedded, 22nd floor, private lounge, etc. Tel. 01-229 5006.

PORTLEDGE HOTEL
1126 bedded, 22nd floor, private lounge, etc. Tel. 01-229 5006.

MULLION COVE HOTEL
S. CORNWALL
AA Signpost Recommended RAC for your late summer or autumn holidays. Tel. 01-229 5006.

DEVON
SECLUSION BY THE SEA
AT THE EXCLUSIVE FAMILY RUN
THURLESTONE HOTEL
SOUTH DEVON
Come for a weekend or longer. Tel. 01-229 5006.

FOR AN AUTUMN BREAK
LAP OF LUXURY
AT THE WATER'S EDGE
THE MARINE HOTEL
SALCOMBE, S. DEVON
WHERE CUISINE AND SERVICE ARE STILL AN ART.
OPEN ALL YEAR.
Tel. 01-229 5006.

DARTMOUTH
The Dartmouth Hotel where river meets the sea. Tel. 01-229 5006.

DORSET
SUMMER LODGE, Exmouth
The elegant country house hotel for your late summer or autumn holidays. Tel. 01-229 5006.

ULSWATER HOTEL
(A.A., R.A.C. 3-star)
On lakeside, 26 acres private grounds with miles of lake frontage. Tel. 01-229 5006.

HAMPSHIRE
CROWN HOTEL
LYNDHURST
A.A., R.A.C.
XMAS in the New Forest. Tel. 01-229 5006.

TAKE A BREAK IN AUTUMN
AT PASSPORT HOUSE HOTEL.
Facing sea and golf course. Tel. 01-229 5006.

BOURNEMOUTH
HOTEL MIRAMAR
EAST SUSSEX
QUITE UNUSUAL CLAMOR. Tel. 01-229 5006.

EMBASSY HOTEL
East Cliff, Bournemouth 20701.
Tel. 01-229 5006.

BURLEY COURT HOTEL
Bath Road, Bournemouth 20244.
Tel. 01-229 5006.

RED HOUSE HOTEL
BARTON-ON-SEA
Overlooking sea. Tel. 01-229 5006.

ISLES OF SCILLY
BELL ROCK HOTEL
St. Mary's, Tel. 01-229 5006.

ISLE OF WIGHT
FOR THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY
The holiday on the Isle of Wight. Tel. 01-229 5006.

HALLAND HOTEL
Pier Road, Seaview, Isle of Wight. Tel. 01-229 5006.

FOLKESTONE
LYNDHURST
A.A., R.A.C.
Tel. 01-229 5006.

SUSSEX
BRIGHTON
5/5 luxury furnished. Tel. 01-229 5006.

SCOTLAND
EDINBURGH
Princes St. Tel. 01-229 5006.

ALL THE FAMILY ENJOY CHRISTMAS
at the
HOTEL METROPOLE
BRIGHTON
For detailed programme write or telephone Brighton 775432.

LET'S GO AWAY NEXT WEEKEND
A WEEKEND HORSE-RIDING at Dartmouth. Tel. 01-229 5006.

LET'S GO AWAY NEXT WEEKEND
A WEEKEND HORSE-RIDING at Dartmouth. Tel. 01-229 5006.

LET'S GO AWAY NEXT WEEKEND
A WEEKEND HORSE-RIDING at Dartmouth. Tel. 01-229 5006.

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS
Owing to lack of space part of this classification has been held out this week.

PERSONAL CLASSIFICATION
Owing to lack of space part of this classification has been held out this week.

PERSONAL CLASSIFICATION
Owing to lack of space part of this classification has been held out this week.

One Call DIAL 01-5897000

For a choice of hotels in London

Wide tariff and location range Over 2500 beds available

KENSINGTON PALACE W.8. • PRINCE OF WALES W.8. ECCLESTON S.W.1. • SHAFTESBURY W.2. QUEENSWAY W.2. • MONTAGUE W.1. PARKWAY W.2. • SOUTHWAY S.W.1.

ASSOCIATED HOTELS LTD.
1 Victoria Road, London, W8 5RA
Tel. 01-229 5006

meudon
The Oasis of Cornwall
Where summer sunsets on, often with Christmas, when the sun could you relax in luxurious warmth and comfort guaranteed. Tel. 01-229 5006.

SAUNTON SANDS Hotel
Turkey and Christmas are just around the corner. Tel. 01-229 5006.

BOURNEMOUTH
THE CHINE HOTEL
Overlooking sea. Tel. 01-229 5006.

SANDBANKS HOTEL
The incomparable hotel with 110 bedrooms. Tel. 01-229 5006.

"I EAT WELL AND I DRINK WELL AND I SLEEP WELL"
Owing to the success of the "Travelers' Guide to Good Restaurants and Hotels," a similar feature will appear on January 30th, 1972.

For further information on advertising in THE TRAVELLERS' GUIDE TO HOTELS AND GOOD EATING, telephone CHERRIE HENDERSON (ext. 47) or GLORIA GOODHEART (ext. 52) on 01-837 3533, or write to her at THE SUNDAY TIMES, 200 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

YOU'LL ENJOY YOURSELF AT THE CORINTHIA PALACE HOTEL
160 luxury bedrooms, superb cuisine, private outdoor swimming pools (heated in winter), and all the pleasures of the best international hotels. Tel. 01-229 5006.

DEVON
BUCKLE MILLS & COASTAL AREA
Luxury holiday cottages for 2-4 people. Tel. 01-229 5006.

PORTUGAL
ALGARVE
Penina, Algarve. Tel. 01-229 5006.

PICCADILLY THEATRE PICCADILLY CIRCUS 01 437 4506

LAST 4 WEEKS

CLOSING SATURDAY OCTOBER 30th Prior to New York production

JUDY PARFITT MARGARET TYZACK

in ROBERT BOLTS SMASH HIT

VIVAT! VIVAT! REGINA!

To be followed on
WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 3rd

DEAR ANTOINE

The Chichester Festival Production

CAMBRIDGE THEATRE TELEPHONE 01-836 6056

Preview Tues next at 8.0
First night Wed next at 7.30

RALPH RICHARDSON

JILL BENNETT in

WEST OF SUEZ

By **JOHN OSBORNE**
Directed by **ANTHONY PAGE**

LONDON THEATRE CRITICS POLL 1970-71
"VARIETY" 10-9-71

BEST NEW PLAY

Peter Nichols'

Forget Me Not Lane

BEST SUPPORTING PERFORMANCE

Michael Bates

BEST DIRECTION

Michael Blakemore

EVGS 8.0 FRI & SAT 5.30 & 8.30

APOLLO THEATRE 01-437 2663
SHAFTESBURY AVE. W.I.

HOWARD KEEL & DANIELLE DARRIEUX

in A New Musical

AMBASSADOR

Her Majesty's Theatre

First Night Oct. 19th 1971. Previews from Sat. Oct. 9th
First Night 7.0 Subs. Evgs. 7.30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30

The National Theatre at the Old Vic
01-928 7616

Back for a limited number of performances only
Peter Nichols' award-winning

THE NATIONAL HEALTH

Stunning production Observer

See classifieds for this week's performances

PACO PENA'S FLAMENCO PURO

Guitars, Singers and Dancers

Direct from Sadlers' Wells, London

"Paco Pena is a master guitarist" (The Guardian).

A pure Flamenco programme in which every item and every performer was of outstanding quality... (all of spontaneity and vitality) (Telegraph).

EASTBOURNE, Congress Theatre, Oct. 9.
CARLISLE, Goldsmiths, Oct. 9.
EDINBURGH, Leith Town Hall, Oct. 10.
GLASGOW, St. George's Hall, Oct. 10.
LIVERPOOL, Playhouse, Oct. 11.
MANCHESTER, Free Trade Hall, Oct. 11.
WOLVERHAMPTON, Grammar School, Oct. 12.

Details from:
Basil Douglas Ltd., 8 St. George's Terr., London, NW1 8XJ, 01-722 7142.

AFTER seeing most of the play twice, and taking careful thought, I suspect that Edward Bond and his director William Gaskill deserve heart-felt commiseration for the misfire of *Lear* at the Royal Court.

When Mr Bond's "Saved" was first produced at this theatre I attacked it, but was at pains to emphasise that here was a talented dramatist. Most of his later work has supported that view, despite lingering uneasiness over his handling of sado-masochistic imagery, both verbal and visual. Meanwhile Mr Bond has made, in interviews and articles, a number of unexceptionable statements about the evils undermining society—e.g., "If you behave violently, you create an atmosphere of violence, which generates more violence."

In "Lear" he has set out to show us, in the old King, an epitome of man as both tyrant and victim, demented in freedom and derelict in the prison of society or the self. The character is finely drawn in rage, bewilderment, despair and a last useless resolution, expressed in a number of passages which in their lapidary strength and worthy even of Shakespeare, though a little under-powered for the full range of the King, speaks them with a nobly-paced simplicity.

But surely the man who made that remark about violence must have intended the setting of this splendid figure to be presented, and received, as a black farce in the manner of some way-out Western? Consider: The play opens with a shout and a strangled scream offstage. A dying soldier with his stomach ripped open is carried on. Another man is lined up before a firing-squad, and after a good deal of cliff-hanging is actually shot, by Lear—the first of what came to seem like dozens of summary shootings both on and just

Bond's Lear

THEATRE □ J W LAMBERT

off stage. The fun waxes fast and furious as ghastly images accumulate, verbal and visual.

Let us note a few more amusing touches: talk of a horse shot, a blind old man giving evidence at the king's trial. Another man kicked to death, one of Lear's daughters joining in—"I want to vomit on his liver... look at his hands, like boiling crabs." "Do you want him done in in a fancy way? I once had to cut a man's throat for ladies to see." "I shall refuse his pardon, that always gives me my deepest pleasure." A man has knifed needles thrust into both ears. Another man creeps on with a knife, slashes the sleeping king, jumps down a well, breaks his leg, is brought up dead. A young wife is taken behind a line of washing to be raped; after more cliff-hanging we are allowed a glimpse of the act.

Offstage the shriek of mad-demented pigs is heard—enter a soldier covered in pig's blood. Later the shrieking pigs recur—enter this time a ghost who has been around for some time, occasionally uttering eldritch shrieks; now he seems to have had his genitals bitten off and rather surprisingly bleeds copiously before dying a second time. Another bloody dying corpse is brought on, and a procession of chained prisoners. There is much talk of animals with blood on their mouths, creatures caged with hands cut off, jackals and wolves, a bird caught and plucked, its wings broken and nailed to a tree, of troops who "feed their own kids to the guard-dogs to keep them quiet" (the dogs or the kids?).

Cordelia, no relation, appears with her buddies got up as Latin American revolutionaries, and all's up with the old lot. One of the king's daughters, a spiteful sexpot, is shot and then cut open; her father plunges his hands into her stomach, brings them out dripping with her blood. The other daughter—a brutal busy-body—is kicked and bayoneted to death, well downstage. The old king is put into a straitjacket, tied to a chair. A complicated apparatus is put over his head, tubes are inserted and his eyes extracted for use elsewhere (cf Mr Bond's story "The King with Golden Eyes") to the accompaniment of clinical talk from the doctor and agonised howls from the king.

Shall I go on? No? Well, surely Mr Bond must have intended this grand guignol super-market, culled from all too real examples of man's inhumanity to man and the gristlier sort of folk-tale, relieved only by a few rather sentimental domestic moments, to purge us through bitter laughter? In that case he and Mr Gaskill might be thought guilty only of an error of judgment; to assume that we are meant to absorb it solemnly, as the audience did last Wednesday (except for a ripple of titters at some mildly smutty jokes early on) could mean only that Mr Bond had hopelessly lost control of his material, been engulfed, possessed to the point of frenzy by the very devils he wishes to exorcise.

THE Royal Court's Theatre Upstairs, itself currently offering Mustapha Matura's splendid little play "As Time Goes By," gave us,

as a *bonne bouche* in the main theatre, two performances on Sunday night of Portable Theatre's *Layby*, which attracted attention at the Edinburgh Festival. Seven writers combined to write this free-wheeling fantasy round a case of sexual extravagance in the back of a van. Unfortunately the piece emerges from its committee as a laboured muddle.

A funny monologue for a pornographic photographer, and a sketch of a lost girl (Catherine) theatre, two performances on Sunday night. The rest consists largely of infantile smut, and much oral sex. Finally these morose absurdities involve hoisting three naked players into a vat, stewing and eating them. Heigh-ho.

ONE might assume that actors who have won near-universal fame on television, when they wish—as they all do wish—to make their mark in the theatre, would have no difficulty in finding a handsome vehicle. But no, one after another they appear in a puzzling assortment of third-rate trash. Last week two more fell into the trap.

Gerald Harper called in aid Francis Durbridge, acknowledged master of plot-spinning, who we are told effortlessly empties the beer-cellars of Central Europe when his television thrillers are shown. I shall be surprised if... Suddenly at Heme, though more modest in scale, does not at least succeed in emptying the Fortune Theatre. In this thriller, heavy-handed, fake-sophisticated dialogue produces acting to match, and the would-be suspenseful plotting plods.

As for poor Bill Simpson—Dr Finlay, no less—he, as a top London businessman, but still in his Tannochbrae hairstyle, has involved himself in *Romance* (Duke of York's) with a minimalist so dreadful that I am astounded to see the name of an extremely talented young dramatist attached to it.

Catfish Row

ART □ EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

AFTER a stormy passage with the Press, the 11 Los Angeles Artists exhibition at the Hayward Gallery is once again open to the public. Perhaps there is still the opportunity to try and assess it as art, and not as an instance of potential cruelty to catfish.

Essentially, it is an event of a kind I should like to see happening more often in London. It propounds no theory; it promotes no new movement. All it does is to offer information as to what has been happening recently in a particular context—Southern California. The selector, Maurice Tuchman, has deliberately chosen to spread his net wide. There is an artist here who employs a totally traditional mode of expression—meticulous realism, hand-painted every inch—and cheek by jowl with him there is one whose chosen medium is segments of videotape.

Not unexpectedly, in view of the premises adopted, it is an uneven show. Richard Diebenkorn, who once impressed the London critics with his confident command of a painterly but still realist idiom, has gone abstract, and the results are disconcertingly soft. Edward Ruscha, whose work we have already seen before in various Pop Art contexts, looks passé; and Kenneth Price's ceramics are trivial. Remains a residue which is interesting and worthwhile.

For most people, the most strikingly beautiful things on view will greet them at the entrance—Larry Bell's panels of coated glass, in which the spectator sees himself reflected, but also, magically, transported into a new context. This combines the American feeling for the technological with an equally American feeling for the immaculate. Something of the same magic can also be discovered in Bruce Nauman's "Coloured Light Corridor," where a green fluorescent light, presented in a certain way, makes the whole surrounding space turn a soft pink as soon as you drag your gaze away from it.

Newton Harrison's "Portable Fish Farm" (the item which caused all the fuss) is also worth serious consideration, quite apart from its present notoriety. The simple-minded, and even the not so simple-minded, may want to

ask "Why should a fish farm be shown in an art gallery?" It is hard to give a wholly satisfactory answer without recapitulating the whole history of the post-war visual arts. A piece such as this is an extreme example of a sort of literalism which is also a sort of creative impotence. Instead of painting "The Last Day in the Old Home," you reconstruct it lock, stock and barrel.

But Mr Harrison escapes the frivolity which afflicts most artists who work in this way. It is openly didactic; he wants to talk about human survival; about the natural cycle of life and death, and about man's intervention in it. He wants to remind us, for instance, that lambs can look very pretty, but the real point is that somebody is going to eat them. In all this, he resembles a 19th century naturalistic novelist, such as Zola—and indeed, the kind of controversy he has aroused is very much that which greeted the publication of *L'Assommoir*.

Also at the Hayward Gallery is a first-class exhibition devoted to the subject of Tantra. An Tantra is the Indian cult which combines lofty meditation upon the nature of the universe with direct and earthy views about sex. Tantric works can therefore be of the uttermost abstract simplicity, or else they can be candid representations of the most improbable sexual conjurations. Lord Longford and his committee should visit this one.

At the Rowan Gallery, there is a one-man show by Mark Lancaster, one of our most solid and consistent younger British artists. He, like Tom Phillips at the Angela Flowers Gallery (new address: 3 & 4 Portland Place, D'Arbury Street), is fascinated by the idea of "systematic" art, rigidly determined by arbitrary choices or chance operation. Oddly enough, the results are sensuous, though also very different in each case.

At the Marlborough Gallery new emporium there is a series of very distinguished reliefs by Ben Nicholson. Nicholson is still developing, despite his age; these new works are technically freer with splashed and dragged paint and a new interest in curves forms.

Autumn promise

RADIO □ JEREMY RUNDALL

THE AUTUMN SCHEDULES are full of promise. Each channel is introducing some brand new programmes and reviving old series. Radio 4 in particular seems unusually wealthy.

Among the innovations—all on Thursdays—are Sean another stab at a comprehensive arts review; *The Music-Makers*, which opened quite agreeably with an account of the genesis of "Turan-dot," and Jack de Manio's own new programme, *Presumably*, where he seemed to retain all the eccentric glee of "Today" while dispensing with boring things like news and weather.

But the renewal that has most arrested me is of *A Story of Our*

Time (Wed.). Tony van der Bergh is one of that rare and intensely stimulating species the documentary writer-cum-interviewer, who, without bullying, impertinence or clumsiness, can get the maximum out of his subject with the minimum of obtrusive linkage. Last week he talked to "Joan" a reject who finding life intolerable with her mother and stepfather—ran away from home, slept around, had an abortion, fell foul of the law and was sent to prison—hardly lived to help her to adjust. We let her, able to laugh at herself as well on the way to recovery, in an unusually liberal psychiatric hospital.



Philip Oakes talks to Alan Bates

THE MAKING OF A STAR

THE TRULY golden moment in an actor's life must be when he knows that he's making it. Not just commercially, but critically too; when his skills catch up with his ambitions, and the jobs are lining up to be done.

It's roughly the state of Alan Bates in this year of grace. Butley, the play in which he has the lead, is packing them in at the Criterion. There's a strong chance that he'll be taking it to New York. And meanwhile he has two films—Joe Losey's prize-winning *The Go-Between*, already on show, and the screen version of Peter Nichols' *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* about to open in London.

Bates is savouring it all down to the last drop. He's been a success for years, but somehow and suddenly it's different. The star billing means what it says. "Of course, you start with dreams of being a star. You want recognition, public recognition. And why not? As an actor you're doing public work. This is one of the first motives. But when you relate what you're doing professionally to life itself—what degree of exposure you'll permit, what sacrifices you're prepared to make—the aims and the motives alter."

"I know it sounds ridiculous to talk about sacrifices. Compared to someone working on a farm or down the mines, actors have a very cushy life. But to succeed as an actor you do make sacrifices of a kind. You stiffen your nature. You learn disciplines. And you come to look for different rewards."

Bates is thirty-seven, and phenomenally close about his private life. The fact that he has a wife and twin sons is rarely mentioned, but at this year's Cannes Film Festival he had his baptism of big-time publicity. "It was something that had to be done. It helped me to calculate the degree of exposure that was tolerable."

He was born in Derby where his father sold insurance. "I suppose you'd call the family

artistic. I went to the local rep with my mother—the same rep, incidentally, where John Dexter and John Osborne worked later on—and, God knows why, I decided at the age of eleven that I wanted to be an actor."

He took speech lessons, played in Shakespeare at school, and served time both at RADA and in the RAF. RADA, says Bates, was infinitely preferable. He hung on to his regional accent, spent several months with the Midland Repertory Company at Coventry, and eventually joined the young lions at the Royal Court where he landed the part of Cliff in John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*. The play took him to Broadway and Moscow, and accounted for two years of his acting life.

Now Bates flinches at the thought of long runs. "They're marvellous security, but they make it impossible for an actor to develop. Especially a young actor." Another thing the play did was to somehow fix him in the producer's mind as a sympathetic support—the young Englishman, there to be educated by Anthony Quinn in *Zorba the Greek*; even Birkby, the author-narrator figure in *Women in Love*.

"They're difficult parts," says Bates. "For an actor it's almost impossible to make them definitive. You can't make a final statement because they can't. Really, I think, you have to make up the part. You have to go along and present your own personality, and for someone who's naturally reticent that's bloody hard."

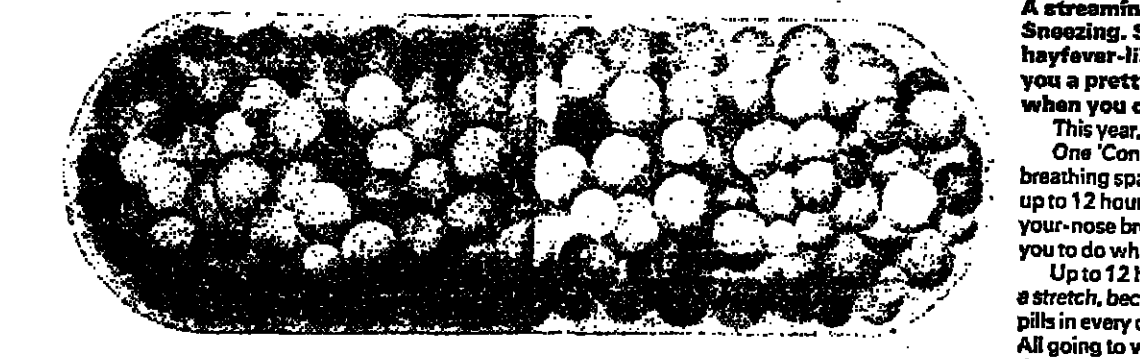
He's uncommonly concerned with his craft, and shrewd about what he does and how he does it. "I always start out with my own idea of a part, my own concept. When people talk about a film director you'll hear them say 'He got a great performance out of so-and-so.' But that can only be true if the director's dealing with a non-actor, or an actor who is working out of his range."

He's worked with the best—Losey, Ken Russell, John

Schlesinger—and it shows. "Up to now, acting has been what involves me most. When I'm on a film set I try to think of myself in relation to everything else that's going on. I even go and look through the viewfinder to see where I'll be, and how I'll measure up against the rest of it. It doesn't help much. When I'm acting I know if I'm being big or small, or subtle or flamboyant. But I still have no idea how it will appear in the screen. That's the trouble with working in films. There's no way of knowing the quality of your performance. Sometimes, it's purely personality that comes across. The truth is that the only way you can find out whether or not you can really act is by doing it in a theatre. That's the acid test."

In Butley, Bates plays a university don—quasi-queer, self-hating, rancorously witty. It's virtually a one-man show, with Bates collecting not only laughs, but a good deal of sympathy. He offers none himself. I think Butley's a real pig, quite insupportable. But the thing is, while he seems to be destroying everyone around him he's really strengthening them by encouraging them to turn their backs on him. To play him well it's not necessary to like him. I don't have to be in sympathy with the character; only with the idea."

Currently, Bates seems to be casting round for some ideas himself. I find acting itself immensely satisfying when I'm doing it. There's a pleasure in altering a performance, a physical pleasure in—how would you say?—displaying different facets. In a play it's never the same two nights running. A different audience changes one's entire approach. But I'm coming to realise that the pleasure I feel is quickly come and gone. Perhaps the real fulfilment is in writing or directing. I don't know yet. But I want to find out. What I feel now can only become better, and it's good enough for me to want to make it last."



This year take a breather from summer colds

A streaming nose, Runny eyes, Sneezing, Summer cold or hayfever-like symptoms can give you a pretty bad time, usually just when you can't afford it.

This year, don't let them. One 'Contac' capsule gives you the breathing space you need. Gives you up to 12 hours of deep, easy, through-your-nose breathing. Plenty of time for you to do whatever it is you have to do. Up to 12 hours of easy breathing at a stretch, because of the 400 tiny time pills in every capsule of 'Contac 400'. All going to work for you at carefully timed intervals, to clear congested passages and keep them clear and dry. Take one at night and get a good night's sleep right through till morning.

You'll feel all the better for it. So the next time you really need to breathe easily... so you can think

clearly... and act intelligently; take one 'Contac'. The only major one dose decongestant that gives you so much time to breathe.

If you're wise you'll get some now, from your chemist. Or, if you're over 18, send for our free two-capsule sample offer. All we ask is that you're careful not to allow them to fall into children's hands. A postcard, please, to the Health Consultants, Dr. STON, Menley & James Laboratories, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. The company reserves the right to terminate this offer without notice.

CONTAC 400
the 12 hour
Block-buster

5000 من الاصل

FREE 32-PAGE BOOK WITH OCTOBER IDEAL HOME

Your A-Z guide to buying furnishing and enjoying a home

Creating a home is surely one of life's greatest adventures! And this special Ideal Home Booklet aims to make sure your great adventure is a happy and successful one.

It shows you the ropes—from the day you set out to find a home, through the process of buying it and moving into it, to the days when you are living there, enjoying its amenities and entertaining your friends.

Contents include:
New house or old? * Raising the money * Functions of Estate Agent, Architect, Surveyor & Solicitor * Furnishing your home imaginatively * Equipping the control room of your home—the kitchen * All about heating.

Also in this extra-value October issue:
● Superb Sitting Rooms—an exciting collection of furnishing and decorating ideas.
● Who says a council house can't be chic? We prove it can!
● Exclusive new tile designs, based on the best of Victorian patterns.
● Exciting £1,000 Winter Warmth Competition.



SO MANY IDEAS FOR A BETTER HOME IN
IDEAL HOME
OCTOBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE

Your **SUNDAY TIMES** on the Continent
Visitors to the Continent will find The Sunday Times on sale in all main centres and many small resorts, both on the coast and inland. Copies may be purchased at news-stands, kiosks and at rail and air terminals. Readers staying at hotels should place orders with the hall porter on arrival. Through a comprehensive Postal Subscription Service copies of The Sunday Times are available by both ordinary mail and letterbox service. Current rates for single copies including despatch of the Colour Magazine, to addresses on the Continent are:

By Ordinary Mail 23p

By Air Mail 42p

All inquiries should be addressed to:

Subscription Manager,

Thames House, London, W.C.1.

GRANDMA'S DAY OCT. 10th

send her flowers

INTERFLORA



CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF

Carter is a Painter's Cat by Carolyn Sloan (Longman Young Books £1.10). The sharp impact of wit and colour in Peter Wegner's pictures provides a suitable complement to a neat tale of a cat created differently on canvas each day of the week. The simple joke is blazingly well executed in a picture-book deserving a wide range of readers and lookers. The Erie Canal illustrated by Peter Spier (World's Work £2.20). All a robust folk-song of 1912 evokes entrancingly crowded pictures, as the Small Hope is towed by mules from Albany to Buffalo in the early 1820s. Wheat and corn, bridges and backwater, rolling hills for distance, everywhere people gesticulating, gossiping, running, eating; endless delight for absolutely anyone. The Little Broomstick by P. D. Pennington (Faber 95p). Nine-year-old Richard enjoys building up an imaginary milking herd with naval-style names but the preoccupation, worry about his eccentricity till Magnolia's calving makes all clear. The book is an affectionate eye for small-boy behaviour, a crisp, pointed style, seven up.

If I Were an Atom: If I Were a Microbe: If I Were Radioactive: If I Met a Molecule, all by Noel Wilson. Graphics by Raymond Smith (Hutchinson, Random House series £1.00). No protests about "humanising" science, please. A child who meets people of the atom, the microbe, the molecule, the radioisotope will not be given false ideas by the rainbow-coloured balloon men and the simple, direct text. From Australia, an exciting amalgam of graphic ingenuity and plain accurate fact; seven up.

The Little Broomstick by Mary Stewart (Duckworth 95p). Shades of Massfield in an exhilarating contest between powerful witchery and a boy and girl who step in where anyone else would have feared to tread. Mary Stewart has obviously enjoyed adapting her own (and her thriller-technique to junior fantasy and reveals an engaging wit in the process. Tales and Legends retold by Emma Carroll (Hutchinson, Random House series £1.50). Elegantly produced, beautifully illustrated by Pauline Baynes, this collection brings together medieval ballads and widespread tales of magic and mystery enshrined in open such as Lechmere. Prose simple but stately; good notes on sources. Snoggle by J. B. Priestley (Heinemann £1.40). The Hooper children, who hid Snoggle from their parents, guess the poly-poly creature was a pet of superior beings as invisible as their visiting spaceship. Satire and sentiment mix in a domestic adventure which comments wryly on human stupidity.

Toby Tyler by James Otis (Collins, Classics for Today £1.25). A small boy runs away to join a circus, finds life hard, wins hearts by his trusting courage. Grace Hogarth as editor has removed "some of the extra adjectives" quite a few of Toby's sobs and tears "from this American classic of the Eighties but still the rattling good tale with its Dickensian character and rich emotion is splendidly of its period. The Strangers by Ann Schlee (Macmillan £1.25). Roundhead and Cavalier in 1651, but with a difference, on Royalist Treco in the Scillies are caught up in the fortunes of Lady Melchett and her young son, who can only escape should if they can find the gold deposited for them earlier. Domestic historical fiction at its best—well documented, human and humane. The French Lieutenant by John Galsworthy (Heinemann £1.25). This "ghost story" shows how a boy of fourteen learns to communicate with people partly because of the elusive but persistent echoes of an old tragedy. Speaks directly to the young but with the full virtues of a lucid style.

Josh by Ivan Southall (Angus and Robertson £1.25). Exploring his origins in a remote township, fourteen-year-old Josh finds that the Plowmans of Ryan Creek have left their descendants a problem or two, not least the special local attitude to his remarkable great-aunt. Ivan Southall, constantly enlarging the scope of his novels, has here put out an extraordinarily compelling prose for a book which I think is his best so far.

Margery Fisher

"THE BOOK arose out of lectures to medical and dental students at the beginning of their studies." Fortunate patients, whose dentist, poised over the drill, can prattle of androgens and antigens, black-box experiments and blastopores, clones and clones, pulsars and polymers, valency and zygomata, or tell us the number of enzymes in Escherichia coli—"Host to a series of phages"—or the constituents of Haldane's soup (a "protobiotic soup of amino-acids, ribose, four purine and pyrimidine bases, and a source of high-energy phosphate").

Since the Wells/Huxley "science of life" made biology and kindred sciences available to the studious middlebrow I know of no book so lucid, informative, well balanced and intellectually unflappable as Professor Young's modestly named Introduction to the Study of Man. I say "modestly"; but in fact it ranges over such subjects as the origin of the galaxy, of earth and life, the evolution of culture, speech, the mind and the brain, the measurement of intelligence, the population problem (about which he is hopeful), consciousness, senescence, the chemical elements in man, the DNA, the sexual drives, centres, stimuli, activities and response of men and mammals. There are also discussions of "the springs of human action," aggression and co-operation, and of the tools of science, the search for order, general propositions, exact observation.

"What can knowledge of the brain tell us?" "What repairs the repairer of the repairer?" "We know far more about physics and chemistry or about other parts of the body than we do about the mechanism that acquires this knowledge." For this reason Professor Young, whose work on the brain has long been famous (know thyself means know thy brain), devotes particularly long and detailed sections to the study of infancy, in which the brain develops its skills, and to senescence, senility—and death, in which forces we can still barely control, some built-in system of instructions, appear to make away with us.

Though he accepts the "big bang" theory of the origin of the universe and states the Haldane-Bernal belief in the randomness of the origins of life, in some such favourable environment as Haldane's soup subjected to an almost infinite number of experiments to produce an enzyme. Professor Young is not an iconoclast. He spells "deity" with a capital; he admits that there is much we

The proper study

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MAN by J Z Young/Oxford

£6 pp 719

CYRIL CONNOLLY

do not know and possibly will never know.

Truly we are ignorant of the pattern of the universe. Yet we learn more every year. Our desire for uniformity compels us to ask whether there is any connection between the rules governing universal events and those on earth, including our own origins. Human enquiry has not proceeded sufficiently to allow physics to provide any clear answer.

The origins of life admit four possibilities. Did life arise by migration from some other body? Was it produced by a life-force of supernatural origin? Do the laws that control the matter of the universe contain factors which dictated the necessity for life to begin? Can we show that life may have arisen by the operation of forces known to operate in the terrestrial physical world?

It seems likely that it will be found that life arose spontaneously from the operations of conditions prevalent upon the early earth. It is for astronomers to tell us the source from which this order was derived.

To understand Professor Young we must learn the word "homeostasis," which is central to his thinking, and which he defines in his glossary as "the conditions of maintaining a constant organisation in spite of continuous interchange with the surroundings," and which he regards as the hall-mark of existence.

All this activity is directed towards the end of preservation of the individual, during his life span, and ultimately of the species; the capacity for maintenance of continuity or homeostasis is the central, characteristic feature of life. More specifically, the characteristics of human life are the activities by which human continuity is maintained.

Repairing (until the repair systems wear out) and reproduction are therefore of paramount importance, but also, of course, will give the measure of Professor Young's profound humanity and optimistic wisdom.

The essence of living is thus not to be found in any one population or species but is dispersed

through all the different types of life in existence on the earth. We are just able to recognise that all men are brothers. Should we not go much further and proceed on the assumption that we are of one flesh, not only with all animals but with all plants, fungi and bacteria as well—the same code of triplets of bases is used to define the proteins of all organisms. We are indeed one flesh. But, as Lorenz points out, "We cannot love all our brothers indiscriminately; we can feel the full, warm emotion of friendship and love only for individuals and the utmost exertion of will-power cannot alter this fact."

"Mankind" for Professor Young is a collection of individuals, he does not sacrifice the one for the good of the species. "Each man, woman, or child, in his skin and with his brain, is a very real unit of homeostatic control."

Hence the importance, which he fully recognises, of our children's development and our own death. His book is interlarded with innumerable statistical tables, some easy, some very difficult to follow. Thus we can see that although we have conquered so many diseases we have only extended human life by three or four years, and the number of centenarians remains constant. "The best way to attain old age is to have old parents."

We are like packs of cards; some cards are worn and frayed and spotted, others crisp and clean, but for all alike the rubber ends at the same time and we are all dealt a new pack in the drawer, with or without a post-mortem. "Death is essential to life."

As Strehler puts it, the changes of senescence are (1) gradual, (2) harmful, and (3) universal "in all metazoans except those that are clones, e.g. sea anemones." Nor can "cryptobiosis" help us much. Though the seed of the lotus germinates after 2000 years, "suspended animation" (a hamster has been frozen for 45 minutes) is no substitute for life. And when we could be living, most of us are daydreaming, pining, poring, snoring or adding up small sums of money.

Let us turn to the child. He learns to talk between the ages of 18 and 28 months with universal regularity. But, as Dr Connolly has pointed out, "Before a child can say 'money,' 'brother' and 'it's not fair,' he has undergone a whole cycle of sights and sounds and smells and tactile values. Instead of testing speech responses there is much to be done in tabulating his responses to music, the age at which he can distinguish times or begins to dance and sing, the song a monotonous chant like a whale's, the dance a bear-like lumbering or lumbering. From what memory-bank does he draw the experience? (As Pumphrey said, 'Nothing leaves less trace in history than sound-waves')—so we turn to cave-paintings and prehistoric art. "Baboons in zoos give a characteristic bark when surrounding a dead individual" (Zuckerman). Rituals and dances leave few or no remains. Signs of religious belief (shrines and temples) are only 10,000 years old, but burials appear as much as 25,000 years ago, about the same time as the first carvings of animals or women, in mammoth ivory. The Venus of Willendorf is about 18,000 years old. Writing a mere 3,500 BC. Interior decoration was born in palaeolithic times. "Pornography has a long and honourable history in the genesis of art."

If anything is more sacred to Professor Young than everything else, it is DNA: "the unit of inherited information," the code of instructions which takes the body through growth, and to which Crick and Watson supplied the key. DNA is a book of rules in one sense but it is of enormous complexity.

All of us use the same genetic code to make the same amino-acids, but the process of writing types. The instructions for all life-forms are written in similar languages. If we assume 2,000 letters to a page then the instructions for a virus would occupy 100 pages, those for a bacterium a book of 2,500 pages, and those for a man 1,700 books of 100 pages each.

This gives us an idea of the tremendous complexity of life and also warns us of the enormous difficulties that face us if we wish to know the human genetic fully. With Professor Young we may be nearly always out of our depth, but we know that we will not be shipwrecked. He will bring us, after 700 pages of biochemistry, safely home again.

Heir to the Pharaohs

NASSER: A Political Biography by Robert Stephens/Allen Lane
The Penguin Press £4.75 pp 635

DAVID HOLDEN

IT IS NOW just a year since Gamal Abdul Nasser died of a heart attack, and the valedictory memoirs and biographies are in full flow. What is immediately apparent about them—at any rate to anyone who has followed the affairs of the Middle East with much attention in recent years—is how little they reveal about the man and his career that is genuinely new.

Even the revelations of his former confidant and unofficial spokesman, Mohammed Hassanin Heikal, now being serialised in The Sunday Telegraph, are essentially old news. They fill in the picture with gossip and "inside" reporting, but they do little to re-assess—or to inspire a re-assessment—of a man whose life's work has already been copiously recorded in word and deed and whose achievements have been fairly exhaustively, if sometimes inconclusively, discussed. I doubt, moreover, if we shall see many more significant revelations in the future. Conspiracy theories of Nasser as the puppet of the Russians, or the sinister Egyptian Machiavelli, master-minded a vast plot to get the Western powers out of the Middle East, are not likely to find factual support from "secret" files. They have rarely been taken seriously by people familiar with the Arab scene, and as time goes by the weight of evidence appears to be ever more conclusively against them.

Nor can we expect much in the way of personal exposure. Nasser was a political animal, first, last and always. Even during his lifetime his enemies could find nothing damaging in his personal life to lend spice to their attacks and they seem even less likely to discover it now that he is dead. The only chance we must justify itself by its organisation of what is already known, rather than by its delivery of the unknown.

Here Robert Stephens serves us well. If, I fear, rather too lengthily and minutely for all but the most earnest student of the Middle East. His Nasser is massive and thoroughly researched, drawing together around the central character all the significant events and trends of the Middle East over the past quarter of a century. At times, indeed, it seems as much of a political and diplomatic history of the entire region as the mere biography of one man; but that is a reflection of Nasser's actual position in his time. In spite of his many mistakes he was, for

the better part of twenty years, the benchmark against which all other Arab leaders had to measure themselves for, as Stephens says, he was "the most progressive Egyptian ruler of modern times and the most important figure thrown up by the Arab renaissance."

Most important, however, is not the book's wide scope and painstaking detail but its spirit. Mr Stephens has been for many years one of the soundest interpreters of contemporary Arab politics and he brings to his book a combination of sympathy, experience and candour that I must confess—as a sometime rival of his in the field—arouses in me flickers of envy as well as of admiration.

He is widely and frequently appreciative of Nasser's achievements, but he does not disguise Nasser's weaknesses—his impulsiveness, his suspicion, his inadequate knowledge of the world, his capacity for "unblinking lies" and his inability to run anything except as a one-man band. He does not gloss over the errors these led to—the unnecessary risks he took over Suez, the failure in Syria, the war in the Yemen, the gross proliferation of the secret police in Egypt and, worst of all, the miscalculations that led to the Six Day War (although here I think Mr Stephens might have been more severe on him).

But he provides the indispensable context without which not only Nasser but many other nationalist leaders of our time cannot be understood. He is hideously misinterpreted in the western world. In a general way he sees Nasser reflecting "the experience and outlook of underprivileged colonial man" attempting to "escape the humiliation of the backwardness and weakness, to catch up against overwhelming odds." Specifically he places him in an Egypt that for over 2,000 years had known nothing but colonial rule and that for a century and a half before he seized power had been treated by Europe as a mere appendage.

In short, says Mr Stephens, whatever his follies, what Nasser was about was the recovery of dignity. It is not an original verdict—but then, as I have remarked, there is not much original still to be said about Nasser. What Mr Stephens has done is to present us with the evidence to support the verdict in as sober, well-organised and comprehensive a way as we are likely to get for some years to come.



Chuma and Susi, Livingstone's two faithful servants who carried the doctor's body a thousand miles across Africa: one of the pictures in Alan Moorehead's authoritative and readable "The White Nile" (Hamish, Hamilton £5 pp 368) a useful companion to the BBC2 series "The Search for the Nile."

The way we live now

TO REPEAT (1965) and now re-issued in paperback, first published in 1962, is cause for renewed congratulation. Anthony Sampson's re-examination of our national postcard is again a masterly performance. In some ways, indeed, it is even better—less flip, perhaps, because it is less experimental, more relaxed, has more the effect of seeking a genuine answer to Britain's predicament. Sampson is ten years older and appears to have brooded longer and more philosophically, though no less urgently, over the dire conditions he describes.

Almost ten years have passed since, inflationary, off-the-cuff, Edwardian expertise yielded to falsely optimistic "technological presidency"—six years of slow souring in the minds of the electorate—and this, in its turn, to government by reflective Broadstairs. In that time this country, morally, socially, environmentally, politically and economically, has advanced steadily into the red.

It is this retreat into a world where only the Cheshire cat's grin remains—a society and consensus that has come to mean and stand for less and less in the mind of the younger generation—that Mr Sampson is concerned to chart and chronicle in these pages. The devastating diagram on page 131, lifted from the Newsom Report on the public schools (1967) is the most effective statistic of a divisive society in the book. Chapter Five ("The Prime Minister") is the best light-and-dark piece of political human analysis that I have read for a very long time.

Sampson and his team seem to have taken, if possible, more pains than before about the ramifying sub-structures of our

THE NEW ANATOMY OF BRITAIN by Anthony Sampson/Hodder & Stoughton £3.25 pp 731

JOHN RAYMOND

establishment. (Note the high-comedy account of sedate sherry-parties at Chatham House on page 374). His diagnosis, in the fields where one can follow him with any knowledge and experience—Fleet Street, Westminster, the worlds of diplomacy, advertising and assorted mass media—seems all too horribly accurate. (The prognosis is not always so easily discernible.) The barristers tell me that his chapter on current Law and the lawyers is inexact—the wrong informants, some have suggested. Personally, as one who is consumed with curiosity about the ins and outs of this branch of human affairs, it seemed to me as enthralling as the rest of his profiles. I particularly liked Lord Devlin's bland comment, made to Sampson, that

the most important thing for a judge is—surprisingly enough—judgment. It's not so very different from the qualities of a successful businessman or civil servant. I'm always struck by how like men in high positions seem to be. It's the Kilt-Cat club of chairmen lies displayed in Chapter 34 ("Directors"). Likewise the trade union leaders, silhouetted in the page-headings—

"The Difficulties of Vic Feather," "The Rise of Clive Jenkins" etc. The chapter on the Churches is the weakest section, a few lines devoted to Britain's six million practising Roman Catholics. There is little or nothing about Scotland, little or nothing about the organised crime industry. One cannot be curious about everything. Meanwhile if one prefers not to think about anatomy, here is the whole televised Will Hay comedy of zany Britain today—and its tourists, for instance, "who rate pagantry as one of Britain's greatest attractions."

The British Travel Association wanted to arrange two Changings of the Guard each day, but the Guards refused, on the grounds that the ceremony would no longer be meaningful.

H. E. Bates The Blossoming World

Following the success of The Vanished World this second volume of autobiography takes us from the publication of his first novel, THE TWO SISTERS, in 1926 when he was only twenty, to his commission into the RAF in 1941 where he was to become known as Flying Officer 'X'.

Thirty years ago The Observer wrote: "He makes us hear the

voice of the countryside that is the real England, the England of field and wood and riverbank, of well-loved bird and beast, of trees and flowers and ancient lore, of human people, their lives and their laughter."

Illustrated by John Ward £2.50

Michael Joseph

Two weeks off winter.
GREAT SPANISH GOLD HOLIDAY OFFER!



Two weeks off winter. Or three. Or four. Whatever you like from 8 to 28 days. What a beautiful offer. And instead of grey gloom or as a change from snow: Spanish sun, golden beaches, bright night spots and the warm welcome of really friendly hotels. All the things you took and long for on your winter holiday you get with Spanish Gold. Scheduled flights by Iberia—the people who know Spain best of all. The finest hotels. The most attentive service. That's what you get on your Spanish Gold Holiday. All included.

IBERIA
INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES OF SPAIN
The romance of Spain on every plane

London ends

GIRL, 20 by Kingsley Amis/Cape £1.50

THE NERVE by Melvyn Bragg/Secker & Warburg £1.90

JEREMY BROOKS

I KNOW a painter on whose studio wall is scrawled the injunction, "CULTIVATE YOUR PREJUDICES". There's something to be said for this, as long as it means recognising and using one's deepest convictions as the moral fulcrum of one's work. Prejudice which is a simple withdrawal of sympathy, though it makes life easier for the artist, ultimately leads to mental fossilisation. It used to be one of Kingsley Amis' strengths as a comic writer that he never shrank from laying himself out on the line; but in his new novel, *Girl, 20*, the targets are so many, the prejudices so unthinking, that lack of focus leaves the major target almost unscathed. This is a pity, because the target in question is a delightful creation, and worthy of some accurate sniping.

The enigmatic title is a reference to a man who "couldn't read 'Girl, 20', in a small ad column without getting a hard on." Sir Roy Vandenberg, a 35-year-old composer/conductor, darling of the concert hall and fashionable Left Wing TV pundit, is balefully aware that he needs something more than a magic phrase to turn him on. His current sexual stimulant is a seventeen-year-old savage whose cultivated unattractiveness seems, in the narrator's eyes, to be a common factor among "the young" whose approval Sir Roy so sedulously and ridiculously courts.

This narrator, Douglas, a music critic of strictly limited artistic sympathies, is one of those randy, selfish, crusty figures who occupy a central position in most Amis novels. In the course of watching Sir Roy destroy his family and ruin his musical reputation in pursuit (in both senses) of "the young," Douglas displays a rich and varied treasury of prejudices with true Amis-like gusto. He is given as thirty-four—quite unbelievable. If this is an attempt to disengage narrator from author,

it doesn't work. Amis can't have it both ways. Much of his splendidly caustic wit—and this book is as bouncingly full of it as any—springs straight from his own crusty intolerance. He chose to be the man we love to hate, and will have to live with it.

The hero of Melvyn Bragg's new novel, *The Nerve*, is just the kind of character an Amis-hero would lip-lickingly make a provincial semi-intellectual, difficult, unsure of his new social status as a London lecturer, sexually unadventurous, awkwardly earnest, inwardly cringing before the assaults of city life. In an Amis novel he would have spots and dandruff. This one has a twitch in his left eye which, getting worse, becomes a swelling, a weeping obsession, the first physical indication of what turns out to be an almost mind-destroying nervous breakdown.

It's odd, considering how little real "action" there is in this book, how truly gripping it is. The pace is slow and deliberate, the narrator often fumbling and back-tracking, determined to make the reader understand exactly what this state of mind was like. The unravelling of the narrator often fumbling and back-tracking, determined to make the reader understand exactly what this state of mind was like. The unravelling of the narrator often fumbling and back-tracking, determined to make the reader understand exactly what this state of mind was like.

Melvyn Bragg writes beautifully, with a sort of precise tenderness that reverses every judgment as soon as it's made, which has the effect of bringing even the most minor characters into multi-dimensional reality. *The Nerve* is one of those rare books in which the sense of truth-telling is so strong that it stays with one like a scent, and will eventually lure one back to experience that nearness-to-something again.

First families

THE PROFESSOR by Jack Lynn/Allison and Busby £1.80

FOR THE EYES OF THE PRESIDENT ONLY by Pierre Salinger/Collins £2

FRANK GILES

HERE are two examples, both novels, of American *verismo*. The first is a story of how a conscientious and family-loving New York academic becomes so deeply involved with the Mafia that in the end his career and his family happiness lie in ruins. The second, by President Kennedy's one-time Press Secretary, describes an imaginary world crisis which occurs at the time of the 1976 US Presidential elections, in which the President, himself, a candidate for re-election, is faced with a situation analogous to that which confronted President Kennedy in 1962 over the issue of Soviet missiles in Cuba.

Mr Lynn's book is both the shorter of the two and the more 'un' to read. I have not admittedly, ever attended the sumpious parties which the chief Mafia boss apparently throw for one another at their gracious residences in the New York suburbs. Nor do I know whether Mr Lynn has. But his carefree and convincing descriptions seem to ring true, and the narrative power is well sustained as we watch the rapacious Professor sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire of blackmail, corruption and violence.

The *verismo* does not, however, include credibility of motive. It is impossible to believe that this upright and self-reliant man knowingly destroyed his prospects because it excited him to "move with a noble purpose in a world of total corruption, danger and even death." Despite this, the picture of the worthy Professor, coaching the children of the Mafia leaders and opening their eyes to higher things leaves an unpleasantly good, all-American, taste in the mouth.

The Mafia also come into Mr Salinger's book, along with great many other disparate elements—South American

politics, Chinese strategy, the Washington scene, the struggle for the White House. Mr Salinger's canvas is far too big and carries too much paint; when the plot is comprehensible it is frequently over-complicated, when it is not it is inevitably opaque.

This is a pity, because his White House and Washington scene-setting is clearly authentic, as it should be, given Mr Salinger's past. (The story on page 36 tells—that the only time the special telephone which would be used to order nuclear attack rang was when some anonymous outside caller was trying, as he explained to an anxious President, to reach a French laundry?) Despite its shortcomings as a novel, however, this book does bring out two of the major limitations—some would say handicaps—with which an American President, the most powerful man in the Western world, has to contend. The first is the unremitting pressure of the media—Press and above all TV—who demand, as of right, constant insight into matters of state, often affecting the security of the US and its allies.

The second limitation, for a man with the responsibilities of a modern US President, is a Presidential election every four years, when the Chief Executive has to bid for the popular vote for himself and his party at the same time as continuing to exercise what should be wise control over the most important element in the Western defence and intelligence system. The result, if not always as spectacular as the one described in this book, tends to be what one of the characters, a Senior State Department official, admirably summarises when he says: "We'll go right on doing the thing we can, not the thing we should."

Action all the way

THE ZOO GANG by Paul Gallico/Heinemann £1.80

THE SUNS OF BADARANE by Pierre Laver/Macdonald £2.25

PHILIP NORMAN

PAUL GALLICO has invented a hero in *The Zoo Gang*. He is Colonel Roquebrun. In the French Resistance he was known as The Fox; now he is a disfigured antique dealer on the rue de la Harpe. He and his old Aquitaine brothers, known anachronistically as the Tiger, the Elephant, the Leopard and the Wolf, reunite to intercept—and indeed, often massacre—any criminals who threaten the ordinary tourist's sharpness of the coastline to which Mr Gallico has himself so conservatively attached.

It is slightly irritating that, on its dust-cover, the book seems to masquerade as a novel. In fact it holds one short story and three long. Why should it matter? The book is by a good writer, not such a common thing these days, and washed in oily sun and resounding at times with the romantic names of the French detective agencies. At one priceless moment the Zoo Gang hijacks a shipment of drugs concealed under a Nice carnival float, then in a disused opera house they eliminate the Seven Dwarfs who are unpacking it. They'll love

that. And every hero must have his stooge: in this case the dear, small Captain Scoubide of the local constabulary, much of whose time is spent practically weeping with admiration.

The Suns of Badarane is exceptional for being adventure told in dialogue. We are happily spared, therefore, *The Cruel Sun*, the Merciless Anvil Blows of Heat, etc. Barbara Wright's translation is full of enthusiasm for what appears to have been a peculiarly jolting French argot. The book is about not so much the predicament of a group of mercenaries attempting to defend a desert fort as the variety and invention of the curses they employ.

The result is a very funny book. Bloodshed, head-sticking and gouging are, at last, preposterous occupations. There are a shout of malevolent spirits and a peculiar atmosphere: filthy men eating the good cuisine which mercenaries somehow contrive to obtain. It matters little that, after some chapters, characters become indistinguishable—the true-life scam would be well.

A PAGE OF THE LATEST FICTION



Kingsley Amis: caustic wit



Milovan Djilas: great storyteller



Melvyn Bragg: precise tenderness



V S Naipaul: fascinating adventure



Jack Lynn: careful and convincing



Paul Scott: dramatic watershed



Pierre Salinger: clearly authentic



Paul Gallico: washed in sunshine

Empty space

THIS IS a novel of the space age set in a world of whose present or future existence Mr Drury falls, on the whole, to persuade us. It purports to represent America a few years hence, menaced by the Soviets and determined to land men on Mars before them. It draws on exhaustive researches into life as it is lived now in Houston and Cape Kennedy, but the political dynamics of the moon programme have been reversed. Far from being uncritically acclaimed, as Apollo used to be, the Mars adventure is that last refuge of all-American patriotism, where the good and the decent fend off pinkos, politicians and other rascals.

The urgency with which Mr Drury seeks to put over this political view seems to have damaged his active powers. The message quite overwhelms the story. The first 400 pages revolve interminably around one political motif—the silly clamour to put a Negro on the crew. The last 200 deploy a second—Russia's evil intentions, which culminate in the ramming of the American craft and the slaughter of her man on the moon.

Anyone who enjoyed "Advice and Consent" will find this latest derivation a tedious disappointment. The first book was unreal and highly coloured, but things happened in it. The reader could wallow in easy entertainment. In this book, until the improbable denouement, nothing whatever appears to happen apart from the movement of cardboard characters—the perfect Flash-Gordon astronaut, the paranoid negro, the all-wise President, the Red labour leader—without any real emotional clitches.

The space programme is not quite so boring as Mr Drury manages to make it, nor are the people in it so predictable.

THE THRONE OF SATURN by Allen Drury/Michael Joseph £3 pp 600
HUGO YOUNG

And as they drive along their desultory conversations are long and tedious—about the scenery, about rudimentary aesthetics, about personality—in which Linda is an easy victor, for Bobby, as he himself realises,

A magnificent story

UNDER THE COLORS by Milovan Djilas, translated from the Serbo-Croat by Lovett F Edwards/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich £3.10 pp 557

IN A FREE STATE by V S Naipaul/Andre Deutsch £1.75

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE by Paul Scott/Heinemann £2.75

THE DISINHERITED by Peter Forster/Eyre & Spottiswoode £2.25

JOHN WHITLEY

MILOVAN DJILAS must be one of the great storytellers of our age: for all the five hundred pages of his rambling novel *Under the Colors* he carries the reader with him, without giving any explanation of the history or geography of his story and precious little of the Turkish and Serb words that buzz like accented wasps on every page.

The place is the Balkans, the time about a hundred years ago. The Turkish dictatorship is slowly being rolled back by the ferocious Serbian warriors of the young state of Montenegro led by Milan Vukotić and supported by the Great Powers. But in between, as ever, are caught the little people, in particular those around the Southern garrison town of Plava, and it is to the Turkish torture here that Anto, the chieftain of the Radak clan, is taken for interrogation. This opening scene of the book catches the whole atmosphere of imperial brutality: the Turks know, and Anto knows, that their rule is ended but torture and tortured go through the ritual of oppression out of habit.

It is a marvellously written prison scene, full of provoking meditations on the nature of God and of pain, which draws presumably on Djilas' own experiences as well as having a present-day relevance, and ends with a broken Anto returning to his village to preach forgiveness to the Turks. But in his absence the clan has already split between rebels and pacifiers, the former under Grgur, Anto's eldest son, who eventually leads the village into battle against some Turkish terrorists and so has to flee to the Montenegrin army; the book ends with that army's defeat before Plava itself, a magnificent and imposing description of warfare evidently inspired by Tolstoy.

Inside this broad historical canvas Djilas moves about with astonishing fluidity and verve: after a series of chapters described from the viewpoints of different generations of Radaks—the angry son, the murdering traitor, the cowardly deserter—he suddenly switches to two young Turkish girls in their Muslim stronghold.

Few writers could so easily and convincingly convey the depths of the two cultures as they clash, the interlocking love of the soil that inspires the one and the sense of imperial destiny that drives on the other. Evidently there are many modern parallels to be drawn from this book, above all the duty of resistance, but it is a timeless work, to be read with anguish and with gratitude.

V. S. NAIPAUL is also concerned with empire in decline: the preoccupation of his *In a Free State* is with the humiliations that breed so fruitfully in such a situation. The main part of this "sequence novel" is a veritable seasaw of humiliations. It takes place during a two-day drive across a Central African state, newly independent, by a disparate European couple: Bobby, a young, resentful, homosexual, rumours come and go of a wife of a colleague. As Bobby drives them home from the capital, through the extraordinary landscape and past its no less extraordinary inhabitants, rumours come and go of a wife of a colleague. As Bobby drives them home from the capital, through the extraordinary landscape and past its no less extraordinary inhabitants, rumours come and go of a wife of a colleague.

And as they drive along their desultory conversations are long and tedious—about the scenery, about rudimentary aesthetics, about personality—in which Linda is an easy victor, for Bobby, as he himself realises,

is perpetually in pursuit of self-humiliation. So he tells her of his homosexuality, of his betrayal of the friend who brought him out to Africa and who runs parallel to his own bullying of waiters and garage attendants until the two currents merge at a roadblock intended for the fleeing king at which Bobby is beaten up by black soldiers.

This is a fascinating piece of adventure, the more so because Mr Naipaul is relatively sparing of his talent for dialogue and uses instead a brilliant descriptive skill so that the emotional situation in the car is mirrored or balanced by activities of the clouds and the bush—one of the most convincing pictures of Equatorial Africa I have ever read and curiously close to the Great Zimbabwe of Cecil Rhodes.

Beyond and above this, though, is the problem of dominance of master and servant, ruler and ruled. It is expanded in two further fine novellas, reflections on colonial poverty and discrimination, as well as in the opening short story of an English tramp aboard a Mediterranean steamer and the final coda, in which the narrator intervenes to stop tourists persecuting Egyptian beggar-children. No answer is given (except perhaps that it is intolerable that certain people, the tramp, Bobby, the Egyptian children, should embrace their humiliation), but the problem is posed in such a forceful and immediate way that the book is totally absorbing.

IN Paul Scott's *The Towers of Silence* it is the approach of the second European war that makes the drama: the British Empire is evident to the officers and wives in the hill station of Pankot; and their thoughts turn immediately to Amritsar where in 1919 rebellious natives were shot without mercy. But, undermined by the "new ideas" from home, even the most peppy and unpromising major can only bluster and eventually the army of the Raj marches off knowing that the way of life it is fighting for is already condemned.

Mr Scott makes a good deal of this dramatic social watershed but his regimental characters seem thin ghosts from the past, their preoccupations less solid than in the earlier books of his Indian series: unreal beside their breed so fruitfully in such a situation. The main part of this "sequence novel" is a veritable seasaw of humiliations. It takes place during a two-day drive across a Central African state, newly independent, by a disparate European couple: Bobby, a young, resentful, homosexual, rumours come and go of a wife of a colleague. As Bobby drives them home from the capital, through the extraordinary landscape and past its no less extraordinary inhabitants, rumours come and go of a wife of a colleague.

The collapse of the Empire came as a shock to Peter Forster's heroes in *The Disinherited*; too, only they make up to it only at the Suez invasion of about fifteen years later. This novel completes the trilogy about the growing up of plump and extrovert Alex Smith and his observant friend Bobby. Bobby is a much more successful with his main character, Barbara, a retired mission teacher who comes to the station to live with a lonely and rich widow: their relationship and its ultimate failure is most delicately conveyed and so is even class Barbara's position *vis-à-vis* the snobbish regimentals—a saintly forgiveness which ultimately drives her mad.

The collapse of the Empire came as a shock to Peter Forster's heroes in *The Disinherited*; too, only they make up to it only at the Suez invasion of about fifteen years later. This novel completes the trilogy about the growing up of plump and extrovert Alex Smith and his observant friend Bobby. Bobby is a much more successful with his main character, Barbara, a retired mission teacher who comes to the station to live with a lonely and rich widow: their relationship and its ultimate failure is most delicately conveyed and so is even class Barbara's position *vis-à-vis* the snobbish regimentals—a saintly forgiveness which ultimately drives her mad.

The Tiger and the Rose

Vernon Scannell

One of England's best contemporary poets relates honestly and movingly the turbulent experiences which lie behind the images of his verse

Hamish Hamilton

A Clean Slate

David Garnett

A novel by the author of *LADY AND THE FOX*

£1.50

The Pig got up and slowly walked away

Mrs. Munck

Extraordinary... powerful... alive and three-dimensional

£2.00

The Pig got up and slowly walked away

Jack Ripley

Pigs (not the farmyard variety) have a thought process all their own

£1.75

SHORT REPORTS

Flash for Freedom! by George MacDonald Fraser (Barrie & Jenkins £1.75). Crooked card game with Dorian plunges super cad Flashman into slave trade. After disastrously overseeing Mississippi lynchings, encounters Congressman Lincoln and dodges justice. Packed with anarchy, brutality and male chauvinism, cunningly redeemed by hero's cheek, charm and hilarious cowardice.

The urgency with which Mr Drury seeks to put over this political view seems to have damaged his active powers. The message quite overwhelms the story. The first 400 pages revolve interminably around one political motif—the silly clamour to put a Negro on the crew. The last 200 deploy a second—Russia's evil intentions, which culminate in the ramming of the American craft and the slaughter of her man on the moon.

Anyone who enjoyed "Advice and Consent" will find this latest derivation a tedious disappointment. The first book was unreal and highly coloured, but things happened in it. The reader could wallow in easy entertainment. In this book, until the improbable denouement, nothing whatever appears to happen apart from the movement of cardboard characters—the perfect Flash-Gordon astronaut, the paranoid negro, the all-wise President, the Red labour leader—without any real emotional clitches.

The space programme is not quite so boring as Mr Drury manages to make it, nor are the people in it so predictable.



READERS UNION That enlightened book club

That's what the *Times Literary Supplement* called us. Simply because we are book-lovers who choose and publish very good books at very low prices.

There is also a wide range of Optional titles which you can buy at bargain prices—

from the *Times Atlas* at £5 off (£10.75 instead of £15.75) to the *Brief Lives* edited by Oliver Lawson Dick, Secker & Warburg £3.15, RU £2.30 (December); *Innocent Killers* by Hugo and Jane van Lawick-Goodall, Collins £2.25, RU £1.50 (January); *The Oxford Companion to Art* edited by Harold Osborne, Oxford University Press £5, RU £4 (January); inside the *Third Reich* by Albert Speer, Weidenfeld & Nicolson £4.25, RU £2.85 (February).

Post/packing on Nov./Dec. Options included in price until Dec. 31; thereafter charged at 10p in the £ (minimum 15p per order). All members will receive our 64 page catalogue in November.

unabridged, fully bound book complete with jacket and all illustrations. The cost of the brief lives of the March programme is only £3.24, for books worth £15.75 in their original editions. You save this kind of money every six months, and you get

a first-class editorial and general service run by book-lovers. October to March Choices: *Involuntary Journey to Siberia* by Andrei Amalrik, Detailed description of life in the intellectual and artistic circles of Moscow. *Sunday Telegraph*: The Blood of a Britishman by Anthony Glynn, "Perceptive account of the habits, peculiarities and mannerisms of the British nation." *Birmingham Evening Mail*: I. M. Barwick: The Man Behind the Image by Janet Dumbart, "The man she reveals is living, breathing, unhappier and more appealing than his image." *Economist*: A Girl Grew Up in Russia by Eliza Vela Fen, "Description of Russian fields, woods and rivers worthy of Turgenev." *Sunday Times*: East of Trebizond by Michael Pereira, "An absorbing insight into life in the remote Pontic Alps." *Economist*: An Eye for a Bird by Eric Hooking with Frank Lane, "Exquisite photographs, products of Job's patience and a mountaineer's nerve." *Observer*.

October to March Choices: *Involuntary Journey to Siberia* by Andrei Amalrik, Detailed description of life in the intellectual and artistic circles of Moscow. *Sunday Telegraph*: The Blood of a Britishman by Anthony Glynn, "Perceptive account of the habits, peculiarities and mannerisms of the British nation." *Birmingham Evening Mail*: I. M. Barwick: The Man Behind the Image by Janet Dumbart, "The man she reveals is living, breathing, unhappier and more appealing than his image." *Economist*: A Girl Grew Up in Russia by Eliza Vela Fen, "Description of Russian fields, woods and rivers worthy of Turgenev." *Sunday Times*: East of Trebizond by Michael Pereira, "An absorbing insight into life in the remote Pontic Alps." *Economist*: An Eye for a Bird by Eric Hooking with Frank Lane, "Exquisite photographs, products of Job's patience and a mountaineer's nerve." *Observer*.

October to March Choices: *Involuntary Journey to Siberia* by Andrei Amalrik, Detailed description of life in the intellectual and artistic circles of Moscow. *Sunday Telegraph*: The Blood of a Britishman by Anthony Glynn, "Perceptive account of the habits, peculiarities and mannerisms of the British nation." *Birmingham Evening Mail*: I. M. Barwick: The Man Behind the Image by Janet Dumbart, "The man she reveals is living, breathing, unhappier and more appealing than his image." *Economist*: A Girl Grew Up in Russia by Eliza Vela Fen, "Description of Russian fields, woods and rivers worthy of Turgenev." *Sunday Times*: East of Trebizond by Michael Pereira, "An absorbing insight into life in the remote Pontic Alps." *Economist*: An Eye for a Bird by Eric Hooking with Frank Lane, "Exquisite photographs, products of Job's patience and a mountaineer's nerve." *Observer*.

CLAIM A FREE COPY OF "MOTORING THROUGH PUNCH"

To: Readers Union, Dept. Y22, PO Box 6, Newton Abbot, Devon TQ12 2DW.

I will join the Readers Union Book Club from (month) for six months and give one month's notice of resignation.

☐ I enclose £..... (minimum £4) deposit on my account and claim the introductory book, *Motoring Through Punch*.

☐ I will pay on receipt of each monthly choice and forgo the introductory book.

Please tick as appropriate. Overseas and Eire: please remit in advance.

Name

Address

Signature (of parent or guardian if under 18)

let's talk duvets

"dooveys" or continental quilts, large bags filled with down, have been warming Europe for many years. While at home under three times the weight of sheets, blankets and eiderdown, we also sometimes need bedsocks. In a recent survey 90% of the poll found a duvet more comfortable, warmer yet cool enough in summer and far easier to bed make. Conventional bedmaking is hard work, children won't, husbands won't, why then should you? Unfortunately there isn't enough down in the world for everyone to save on bedmaking and what there is costs a fortune. So I.C.I. have invented a super new filling called "Terylene" P.3 which is lighter and warmer than feathers, dust free, non-allergenic, washable and cheaper!... and this is where Aeonics come in... we will wrap it in a Dorma lining and supply you a brand-new finished quilt at factory prices or pack it all up into a do-it-yourself kit that you can finish in under 1 hour. Now you can afford what before today was only a luxury of the wealthy. 16 different sizes, prices from £4.50 D.I.Y. Kits. Send stamped addressed envelope for details to Aeonics Ltd. (Dept. 5) 5 Upper Tooting Road, London SW17. Tel: 01-672 6841.

Name _____ (please letters & years)
Address _____
County _____ S.T.6

O' Casey

SEAN by Eileen O'Casey
Macmillan/£3.25 pp 320
PETER LENNON

"HIS WAS a truly Christian nature, one of the kindest and most genuine men that I have known... A saintly man," Sean O'Casey—and the tribute comes from a mindboggling source: Harold Macmillan. But Eileen O'Casey's story, which is as genuine as its subject, establishes casually how easy it must have been for anyone to appreciate the publicly quarrelsome, privately angelic, Dublin Communist with the radiant gift for words.

O'Casey seems to have been blessed with a wife as unaffected and spontaneous as he was (although she would certainly wish to share credit with her book's editor, J. C. Trewin).

Irish born, brought up in England, Eileen Carey's meeting with O'Casey is almost posterously romantic. When she was a bit player in a New York comedy someone gave her "Juno and the Paycock," which moved her so profoundly that she decided she must return to England and meet the author.

She did. He was much older than she—forty-seven when they married—but they were together for thirty-eight years. She was in on the celebrated row with the Abbey: Yeats' condescending letter of rejection. "Dear Casey..." and Shaw's soothing letter: "He (Yeats) is not a man of this world; and when you hurt an enormous smashing chunk of it at him, he dodges it small blame to him."

Like his own Cap'n Boyle, O'Casey was a man who had seen things that no mortal should speak about that knows his Catechism: fortunately, brought up a Protestant, he did not know his Catechism and he could never hold his tongue. Eileen O'Casey brings him to life in reminiscence sprinkled with anecdotes of the famous: the Shaws, Tallulah Bankhead, Barry Fitzgerald, Jim Larkin, T. E. Lawrence. Her narrative rises admirably to the chill tragedy of the death of their 22-year-old son Niall from leukaemia.

He has a great phrase describing his feelings travelling in a mourning car: he said it gave him a "kind of brookpassin' joy." Reading this book one sometimes feels much the same.

Eye of newt and toe of frog

THE CASE OF THE MIDWIFE TOAD by Arthur Koestler/Hutchinson £2
GEORGE STEINER



Lamarck and Darwin: theories of acquired characteristics and the genetics of hazard

HOW HAS the design for an amoeba evolved into that for man? Very gradually, answer Darwinism and modern genetics. The genetic endowment is transmitted down the generations from parents to offspring. It is unaffected by anything that may happen to its transient carriers in their lifetime.

Occasionally, however, the chromosomes of the germ cells are affected by events on a microscopic scale. These spontaneous changes in the molecular structure of the chromosomes are called "mutations." They are random and the vast majority will produce damaging or lethal effects. But now and again the mutation is a positive one. It will endow the carrier of the altered genetic material with some biological advantage. This advantage will be preserved and carried over to the species by the slow logic of natural selection. Chance, time and the survival of the fittest favourably endowed can account for the transformation of the most rudimentary monocellular organisms into the fragile miracle that is man.

In conjunction with Mendelian genetics and the recent "decoding" of the molecular structure of DNA, Darwinism represents one of the principal triumphs of scientific understanding. It draws on a vast body of observational and experimental evidence at almost every point and scale in nature. Nevertheless, it is fair to say that certain obstinate difficulties have haunted it from the outset.

Toward the end of his life, Darwin's great publicist, T. H. Huxley, confessed that the evolution of language and of the human intellect appeared to require more time and "directionality" than orthodox Darwinism allowed. There are elements in the speed and precision of adaptive response which bacilli show toward antibiotics that seem hard to account for along lines of random mutation and evolutionary selection. Darwin himself had doubts and was seriously troubled by the literal "diceyness" of his grand scheme. He inserted a new chapter in the sixth edition of "The Origin of Species" replete with intellectual reservations and Lamarckian examples.

According to Lamarck, evolution is not a matter of hazard. Each generation profits from the

mediately before and after the first world war, he achieved a blaze of journalistic renown. A number of his experiments seemed to demonstrate that adaptive traits developed by various amphibians under strictly controlled environmental conditions were then transmitted to the next generation.

Many were inclined to believe that Lamarck had proved his case or, at least, raised problems which would compel a fundamental revision of Darwinism. But others viewed him as a dangerous charlatan. The sole remaining specimen in one of Lamarck's most famous (but not necessarily crucial) experiments was found to have been a doctor. A few weeks later, in September, 1926, Lamarck shot himself.

Arthur Koestler's enthralling monograph is more than a biography of a fiercely gifted but unstable and over-extended human being. It is a review of the current state of play between neo-Darwinian theory and the tenacious persistence or recalcitrance of "Lamarckian" possibilities. (Witness the controversies now raging over experiments which suggest that skills and memories are specifically transmitted to the molecular level.) It is also a study of the cruelties, of the fanatical detestations rife in the academic and scientific establishment.

Koestler was hounded to death very largely as a result of the obsessive distaste which he and his ideas provoked in William Bateson, the originator of the word "genetics." In what is in effect a superb intellectual thriller, Koestler is able to show not only the complexity of Bateson's motives but the lengths to which orthodox scientists will go in overlooking or fudging hostile evidence. Koestler's scrupulously detailed plea makes it seem extremely improbable that Lamarck committed a fraud. Yet there is no doubt that someone did, and Koestler's own conjectures as to the motives and identity of the culprit remain weak. Those famous "nuptial pads" on the midwife toad in the Vienna laboratory did have their ink inside them.

In this short, dense investigation, Koestler concentrates the two main impulses of his life-work and sensibility: a loathing for injustice, and a sardonic sadness at its perennial powers even—in fact especially—in those high spheres of intellectual pursuit and morality from which it should be most obviously absent.

But what of the case itself? As Koestler reiterates, no one has bothered to re-run Lamarck's experiments. There are, moreover, exceptionally gifted experimentalists whose results cannot always be duplicated by others. As we discover more about the intricate organisation of genetic coding, as the notion of "transmitted information" passes from metaphor to bio-chemical reality, certain Lamarckian ideas again look challenging. If, as one suspects, God is somewhat like Kafka, it will emerge that the truth lurks in odd corners and that small particles of it may come out of false mouths—such as Lysenko's.

Today it is certainly possible to suggest that Darwinism is not the whole picture, that the interactions between environment and heredity are at once more complex and focused than random mutation plus natural selection could suggest. Even our classical concept of probability is beginning to need overhauling, so the Darwinian definition of what is "advantageous" now looks in need of considerable refinement and re-examination. This does not mean that Lamarck was right or that his work will make any contribution to a future genetics. He remains a marginal, blurred case.

But it does mean that academic orthodoxies, whether in biology, linguistics or psychology, need constant watching: and that one must oppose wherever possible the grey savageries which the established visit upon the uprooted and the visionary. This, above all, is Koestler's point.

THE ARTS endpiece

a fallible guide to arts form this week

THEATRE

Celtic Fire (Casson Studio Theatre, Cardiff, tomorrow). G. O. M. Jones's *Life and Times of Dr William Price*, nineteenth-century advocate of free love. It's a world premiere directed by Michael Gellat.

A Diet of Women (Sadler's Wells Theatre, Tugs). New translation by Minoes Vapontakis of Aristophanes' bawdy comedy for the Oxford Playhouse Co. Volonakis also directs.

FILMS

Walkabout (Rialto, Thurs.). Much-estimated movie of two children lost in the Australian desert. Nicholas Ruge directed it. Jenny Agutter stars. The Tenth Muse (Cinema, Thurs.). The latest Ingmar Bergman dive into complicated relationships. With American Elliott Gould intruding into the usual Scandinavian crowd—Blas von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, etc.

MUSIC

New BBC series (St John's, Smith Square, tomorrow). First of seven concerts with the BBC Symphony. Strong accent throughout on Haydn, John Eliot Gardiner conducts. Tickets from £3.50.

ART

Edward Barra (Lefevre Gallery, Thurs.). A retrospective covering the years 1925-1950. Exhibition will include one of his rare oils, "The Bakony, Toulon."

JAZZ/POP

Deep Purple (Albert Hall, tomorrow). Apparently battling for a top position among British rock groups. Heavy but musical too.

Ladies!

Earn at least 33p in the £ selling fashion fabrics! No cash outlay needed.

Selling Felicity Bond dressmaking fabrics is so easy. So much choice. So many colours. And all the latest 1977 designs. All at factory prices. Elegantly packed in ready cut lengths for skirts, suits, dresses, Children's wear etc. Make real money in your spare time—for full details without obligation send this coupon now.

Felicity Bond fashion fabrics, Dept. STG4 P.O. Box 21, Rothay Street, Leigh, Lancashire.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TEL NO. _____

In good shape for Autumn



Rembrandt style wool gaberdine along beautiful lines for Autumn. Silk stitching and buttons add the zest. Fully lined. Style No. 6647. Sizes 12-18. Price about £19.50

Principal Rembrandt Stockists include:

LONDON: W.J. Saunders, W.B. John Barker, E.A. Lillan, N.B. Lillan Finn, N.W.S. Jada, N.W.11 Ian Harvey, S.W.14 Barry, S.W.18 Ambro, S.W.29 Josslette, W.I. Liffywhites. ALTRINCHAM Neil Whitley, AMERSHAM Ambers, Kell, AMPHILL Dorothy, ATTLEBOROUGH Beverley, BARKING Model Gown, BATH Evans & Oram, BEXHILL, London, BIRMINGHAM Nova, Wilton, BLACKWOOD James & Richards, Bognor, BOSTON Oldrid, BOURNEMOUTH Bobbys, BRIGHTON Nora Campbell, Scotts, Broadley, BURNHAM Margot, CANTERBURY The Wells, CHAGFORD Central, CHILMARK Bowhill, CHELTENHAM Cavendish House, CHESTER Browns, CHIPPING SODBURY The Boutique, CHORLEY Wood Keys, CHECKHEATON Wadhams, COSHAM Antiques, COLCHESTER Lloyd, COLWYN Bay The Orford, COULSDON Mrs. CROFT, CROYDON Grant, Loure, DARLINGTON Suzanne, DEDHAM Elizabeth, DERBY Janene, Bracegirdle, DONCASTER Smith, DORKING Time Travel, DOVER Alison, DUBLIN Annot, Colville, Marnie, DUMFRIES Harbour, EASTBOURNE Bobbys, EDINBURGH Wilkie, Avonnes, Cranston, Lockhead, EXETER Bobbys, FARNHAM Fones, FOLKESTONE Bobbys, GLASGOW Camber, Morrison, GODALMING Country Fashions, GRAVESEND Miss May, HAWLEY Brit & Dye, HARRIGATE McDonalds, HARTLEPOOL Joanna, HAVERHILL Pickering & Simons, HAWICK Robertson, HESSLE Bell, HORNCASTLE Fashion House, HORNING Barber, HORSHAM Grant, HOVE Briggs, Hill, KETTERING Coles, KNUXTSFORD May Janice, LEESOLENT Conroy, Tudors, LEICESTER Leah Marie, LIVERPOOL Winters, LOUTH Pennington, MALVERN Mitchell, Coa & Williams, MANSFIELD Herdy, HARLOW Cornichael, MARPLE Winterson, MIDHURST Gabica, MILLON Fashion House, NANTWICH Rae, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE Bunt, NEWPORT (Mon.) Martine, NORTHWOOD Hills Eugene Mack, NORWICH Bunt, B. Hams, NOTTINGHAM Kempsey, Robinsons, OLDHAM Collier, OTLEY Carol, OXFORD Town House, OXFORD Lloyd, PAIGNTON Perrett, PEBBESCOE Dock Rossner, PERTH Nod Hamilton, PINNEY Cutmore, PORT ST. MARY Mansoni, POTTERS PEAR Kreschel, READING Wellatone, RICHMOND Campbell Booker, ST. ANNES Camille, ST. BRELADES Cher Michelle, SALCOMBE Offshore, SHEFFIELD Walsh, SHERBOURNE Anderson, SHIPSTON-ON-STOUR Sandra, SHIPLEY Foulds, SITTINGBOURNE HILL, SOUTHAMPTON Sioney, SOUTHPORT Chambers, SOUTHEAST Handleys, STOW-ON-THE-WOLD Camille, STREETLEY Derry, SUTTON Renee Shaw, SUTTON IN ASHFIELD Seret, SUTTON GOLDFIELD Margaret, SWANSEA Tour Boutique, TENBY Hughes, TORQUAY Bobby, TYVERDOUTH Nicole, WAKEFIELD Walshe Drapers, WALSALL Rowley, WALTON-ON-THAMES Campbell & Booker, WARLINGHAMWOODS, WELLS Tudor Jane, WEST BYFLEET Elegance, WEST CLIFFE Maggy, WESTON-S-MARE Wilton, WEYBRIDGE Haskell, WINCHESTER Castle Boutique, WISBECH Armstrong, WOLVERHAMPTON Beattie, WORCESTER Armstrong, Bobby, WORTHING Hubbard.

REMBRANDT Original

Heal's have skilled craftsmen who will re-upholster your chairs and re-make your bedding.

Telephone: Mr. Dear at 01-636 1866
HEAL'S
186 Tottenham Court Road, W1A 1BJ



We're always good for a tenner.

If somebody handed you ten pounds in the street you'd feel rather pleased about it.

Particularly if you were short of cash at the time.

It's rather like that with National Westminster Cash Dispensers. These are the ingenious machines that we've been putting in all sorts of useful places. They actually dole out ten pounds cash 24 hours a day, seven days a week, to people with our cash-cards. You can be broke one minute and suddenly rather wealthy the next.

Just pop in the card. Tap out your personal

magic number, and in one deft movement remove your ten green smackers from its grinning jaws.

At the end of 1970 we'd put in 250 of them in key centres throughout England and Wales. By the end of this year there'll be many more.

With your cashcard you get a handy list of addresses that tells you where to find one, wherever you are.

The Cash Dispenser service is just one of the things that can make a NatWest customer feel rather well off.

Even when he's out on the town and broke.

National Westminster Bank
Simply there to help

IN MY FASHION

THEY MAKE SCENES by Ernestine Carter



JULIA TREVELYAN OMAN

JULIA TREVELYAN OMAN's life is fuller than even the fat black notebook she is never without can cope with. She had just come back from Brighton where she had one for the opening of Alan Bennett's new play, "Getting on" for which she has done the costumes and sets. (The play opens in London at the Queen's on October 14.)

Even more importantly she had just got married less than two weeks ago. She was calm about the opening, merely remarking that within a month of being "Othello" for Stratford, in the 1950s, she had done a gown play—I feel like a sort of chameleon.

She was less calm about her opponent with Dr Roy Strong, director of the National Portrait Gallery. "We haven't had time for a honeymoon," she says, a little breathlessly. "It's a four-year marriage."

The museum world is not strange to Miss Oman, for her father was Keeper of Metal Work at the Victoria and Albert, and when she and Dr Strong were in charge together, she gathered material for "Eugene O'Neill" first performed at the Garden last February) he and museums, they had, she said, marvellous combined time

"museums by day, opera at night."

I had been wanting to meet Julia Trevelyan Oman ever since I saw "Enigma Variations," Sir Frederick Ashton's ballet, for which her costumes and sets evoke with affectionate nostalgia a Victorian conversation piece. Jonathan Miller's "Alice in Wonderland," with her magical evocation of a drowsy English summer's day clinched my determination.

Evocative seems a word I can't do without in describing Miss Oman's work. Her gift is to distil the essence of a period from a myriad of sharply observed details and bathe it in a glow of poetry. Her work may seem made of sunbeams and shadows, but it is achieved by slogging hard work, microscopic research (accuracy is a tenet—natural to one who comes from a family of historians), and a magpie's eye for spotting and collecting ephemera that will be of use.

She builds up what she calls "montages" of colours and samples. "I have shoeboxes (they're nice and hard) each labelled—tassels, braids, velvets, colours, laces... Trimmings are so terribly important. I've got a thing about laces at the moment. Spraying cake dollies to make lace is just not on."

The colour and quality of materials are vital. White is a colour she always "dips down; it jumps so terribly." And she was enchanted when the production wardrobe sent her a bouquet after her wedding of "pale yellow roses, with coffee lace all round and a yellow bow," for it showed that they had got the message of what she wanted for "Othello."

For the wedding cake in "Charge of the Light Brigade," she tracked down a retired master baker who made two cakes to her design: "yellow sugar, with hand-carved sugar roses." (There had to be two, she explained, for you can't put make-up over a checked cake.) To Miss Oman, sets are the "big bones," decorative details like the cake are "fun."

Lincoln Kirstein, founder of the New York City Ballet, in his massive book "Movement and Metaphor" — four centuries of ballet — seems to me to sum up Miss Oman's special talent. Of "Enigma Variations," he says "she made clothes that were hardly costumes, a site far more than scenery. The tweed suits and muslin dresses looked as if they had always been worn by individuals who chose them with care." He notes the witty accuracy of her detail, "the clip of hair, the twist of moustache, cuff links, watch chain, gaiters, spectacles, bowler or stalking hat."

Miss Oman's career has been well-documented: Wimbledon School of Art; the Royal College of Art (where she studied under Sir Hugh Casson, and where, despite a bout of typhoid fever, she came out with a First and a Silver Medal); television where she was the youngest person to become a design assistant and where she first worked with Patrick Garland on the Famous Gossings series which flowered into "Brief Lives," "Alice in Wonderland" for TV for which she won the Designer of the Year Award, and which brought her The Charge of the Light Brigade (in which she played two walk-ons); the "Enigma Variations" for the Royal Ballet; Jonathan Miller's "Merchant of Venice" at the National Theatre; "Eugene O'Neill" for the Royal Opera House; "Othello" for the Royal Shakespeare Company (the theatre's triple crown within fifteen months).

In between she designed the Samuel Pepys exhibition for the National Portrait Gallery, a film for Sam Peckinpah starring Dustin Hoffman which will take her and her husband to America toward Thanksgiving for the opening of Verdi's "Falstaff" for the Hamburg State Opera.

It is well known that Dr Strong's other love is Elizabeth I (five of his six books have been about Elizabeth or at least Elizabethan), and Miss Oman first met him when she took an engraving of Queen Elizabeth to the National Portrait Gallery to be vetted. "Ours is," says Dr Strong, "the first marriage the Virgin Queen ever arranged."

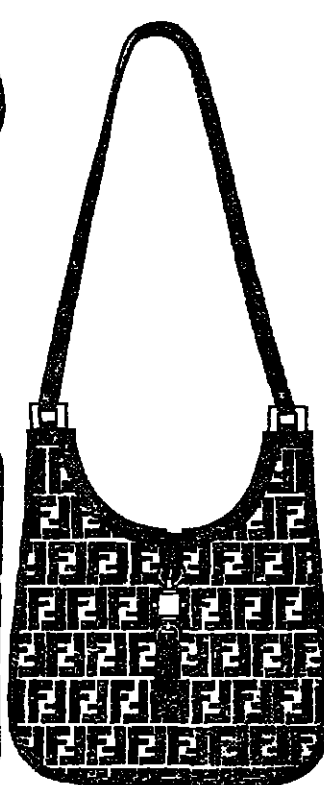
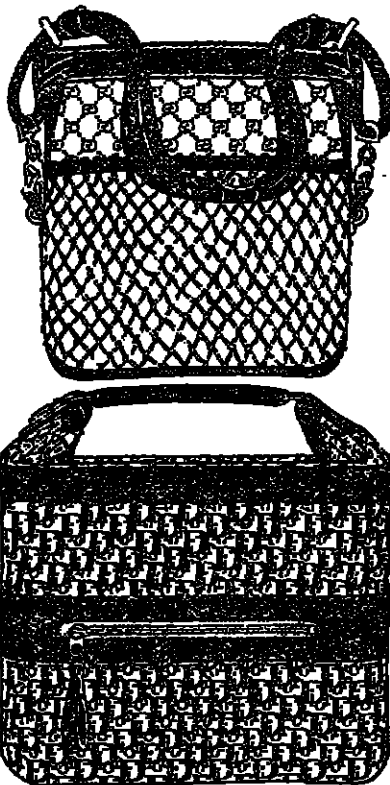
The Stronges are collaborating on a book "Elizabeth I" which Secker & Warburg will publish next month. Dr Strong provides the text, Miss Oman the design. "It is," says Dr Strong, "a kind of Queen Elizabeth's My Day."

There are the jewels she lost, which Miss Oman has taken from portraits and set out in jewel patterns ("Her wardrobe mistress didn't sew them on properly; I'd have ticked her off"). There are the Queen's fans, the Queen's feet, the Queen's face, the Queen's hands, the Queen's Hunt, the Queen's gardens, the Queen's flowers all illustrated with details from the portraits, "tricked out" by Miss Oman. Then there are the domestic details ("they suit Julia to the ground" says her husband): carpets, pinnings, chair knobs, chair backs.

It is a fantasy book, sheer pleasure and delight," say the Stronges, but, they add, "accurate."



Photograph by Steve Hiett Hair by Darrell at Vidal Sassoon



THE SMALL HEAD. Right, Otto Lucas backs the small hat in cream velours, reined in brown, with a shaving brush of brown and cream clipped ostrich, £16.50 at Debenhams & Freebody's new millinery room.

Left, Walter Albini backs the small hat in brown velvet piped in brown grosgrain, £10 at Brown's. (Just showing, Bellville Sassoon's brown velvet short-sleeved waistcoat over a silk print dress.)

THE STATUS SIGNATURE. Louis Vuitton began it on luggage, and his LVs, dark brown on cream, became a status symbol for travellers. Now others have followed his initial start.

Above, Gucci puts brown Gs on a cream canvas bucket bag with a brown fishnet cord pocket, cord handle, gilt clasps, £32.50 at Gucci.

Below, Christian Dior puts brown CDs on a cream carry-all, brown leather bound, gilt clasps, £15 at Christian Dior-London.

Left, Fendi puts Fs, heads and tails, on a mustard canvas flat shoulder bag, brown leather trimmed, gilt clasps, £22, exclusive to Piero di Monzi.

NATASHA KROLL says that after "Rasputin," the biggest play she has ever done for TV (it will be shown next month), she went to bed. When you've worked night and day for six days, you have to.

Unlike Julia Trevelyan Oman, Miss Kroll does only sets. She has designed for films ("The Music Lovers" for Ken Russell was her first feature film), but never for the stage, although she would like to.

Unlike Miss Oman she didn't start with TV. She came to the BBC after a distinguished career in shop display. Indeed her RDI which she was given in 1966 (the sixth woman to be so honoured) was for shop display as well as television design.

Miss Kroll, whose soft voice is still delicately accented, left Russia when she was nine, when her family moved to Berlin. There she attended the Reimann Art School. When the school moved to London, Miss Kroll moved with it, to become at 19 an assistant teacher in window display. With the start of the war, the school closed.

For a time Miss Kroll was out of work. "I lived," she recalls, "on 12 shillings a week." Then she got a job with Rowntrees of Scarborough and York. After a time, Miss Kroll decided she wanted to get back to London. "I wrote to all the stores in London. Selfridges and Simpson replied," Miss Kroll chose Simpson, because she thought it was a better size.

She went there in 1942. The store had, she says, an atmosphere that encouraged contemporary thinking. Miss Kroll had come as an assistant in display, but she was soon made head of display, design and presentation.

After 12 years at Simpson, Miss Kroll was asked if she would like to do some commercials. A friend of hers, Richard Levin, was Head of Design for the BBC. She asked him how much she should charge. He replied, "Don't work for these commercial people, come with me." She did.

Actually Miss Kroll would like to make some commercials. "Why not? In 30 seconds, you get to do quite a lot." For her productions she is officially given six weeks, "but you really have," she says, "two weeks to design it. Then you have to supervise construction and assemble props. You are actually in the studio only four or five days."

At the BBC Miss Kroll worked on Monitor, Tonight and Panorama. "I had to get rid of all preconceived ideas. No views out of windows at the house opposite. I worked with space and shapes, lights and shadows."

When she started Miss Kroll says she didn't know how to use the camera's potential. "I had to watch everybody else."

Now, of course, she has mastered every technical trick. "I



NATASHA KROLL

don't take anything for granted," she says. "It is always easier when people say something can't be done, to say 'yes,' but I must try and see for myself."

Just as she was beginning to get fed up with her programmes, she was asked to do Gorki's "Lower Depths." It was a challenge and, as a Russian she felt she could give the sets authenticity. Then she gradually gave up the studio design unit and concentrated on drama.

"Lower Depths" obviously typecast Miss Kroll as a Russian specialist. She has done "The Three Sisters" (two years ago) and this year "The Cherry Orchard" and "Rasputin." And, of course, "The Music Lovers," too, is Russian. But for Yorkshire Television, she has got away from the samovar, for their production of Enid Bagnold's "The Chinese Prime Minister."

"When you work on something," says Miss Kroll, "you live on several planes." Miss Kroll's plane at home is delightful—a Victorian house in Putney, backing on to a deep garden and looking on to a skyline of trees. Inside there is a cosy collector's clutter—old mugs, glass goblets filled with stones, a clay duck, a painting on glass, a Mexican tin tray. And, of course, a television set.

Pretty Slinky

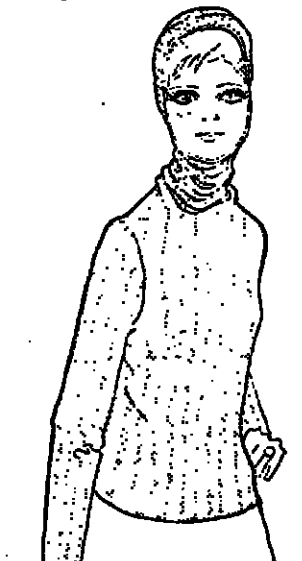


slinky, soft jersey dress in dramatic prints on Black or Orange, sizes 1-16. From "After Six," £10.50, postage & packing 25p.

Dickins & Jones

few smart pieces from Oxford Circus agent Street, W.1. 734 7070 Tuesday to 7.00, Saturday all day 9.30. And at Richmond, Surrey.

Lady Bairnswear leads a double life



STYLE 2507
Be up to your neck (and over your head) in luxury with this super Lady Bairnswear Courtelle sweater. With heavy rib collar, which doubles as a hood. In Terracotta, Water Green, Caspian Blue, Parchment. From about £4-15.

See the Lady Bairnswear Autumn range—write for the name of your local stockist to: Lady Bairnswear, Dept. 254, Perry Road, Nottingham NG5 1GR.

Were you pleased to see your face this morning?

It could be you're one of those women who realises her end-of-summer face, however beautiful, isn't the face of today which should sparkle with health and vitality.

What was lovely then isn't lovely now. The golden glow turns sallow and even to wretched little wrinkles as well. Which makes autumn a splendid time for good resolutions.

And especially for now, Elizabeth Arden have produced a set called simply, "Cleanse, Tone, Nourish". This means melt-at-a-touch Cleansing Cream, the marvellous freshness of Skin Tonic and the soothing, smoothing action of Vitamin Cream, which works as well for winter-exposed skins as for sun-parched.

All for the fantastic special price of £1.00 instead of £2.50 from your favourite Elizabeth Arden counter. How about that for encouragement?

ERIC HILL

"quality with fashion at a sensible price"



A dress for always.
Beautiful quality doubleknit pure wool worsted jersey.
A superb shape and utter simplicity.
The fine suede belt adds that touch of distinction.
No woman's wardrobe is complete without this dress.

Direct from Eric Hill to you for £14.95 postage included.

Colours: Black, Light Stone, Bitter Chocolate, Scarlet.

Sizes 12 to 18. 20 and 22 at no extra cost but 3 weeks to wait from order.

Your money refunded immediately if not entirely satisfied.

Send for free catalogue.

To: Eric Hill, High Street, Bramley, Guildford, Surrey.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

COLOUR _____ SIZE _____
My cheque/M.O. for £ _____ enclosed. Style 1009

Bonnie Cashin

only at Liberty's.
Leather racoon trimmed coat in goldfinch, peat and black. £195.00.
Hooded cashmere sweater £16.80.

Liberty



Liberty, Regent Street, London, W.1. 01-734 1234

Aquascutum OF LONDON



Just one from the versatile Aquascutum rainwear collection, permanently proofed with exclusive Aqua 5. Designed to make you look good in town or country. This is Tilford in finely woven canvas, contrast stitched, £31-50. Other raincoats from £19-50.

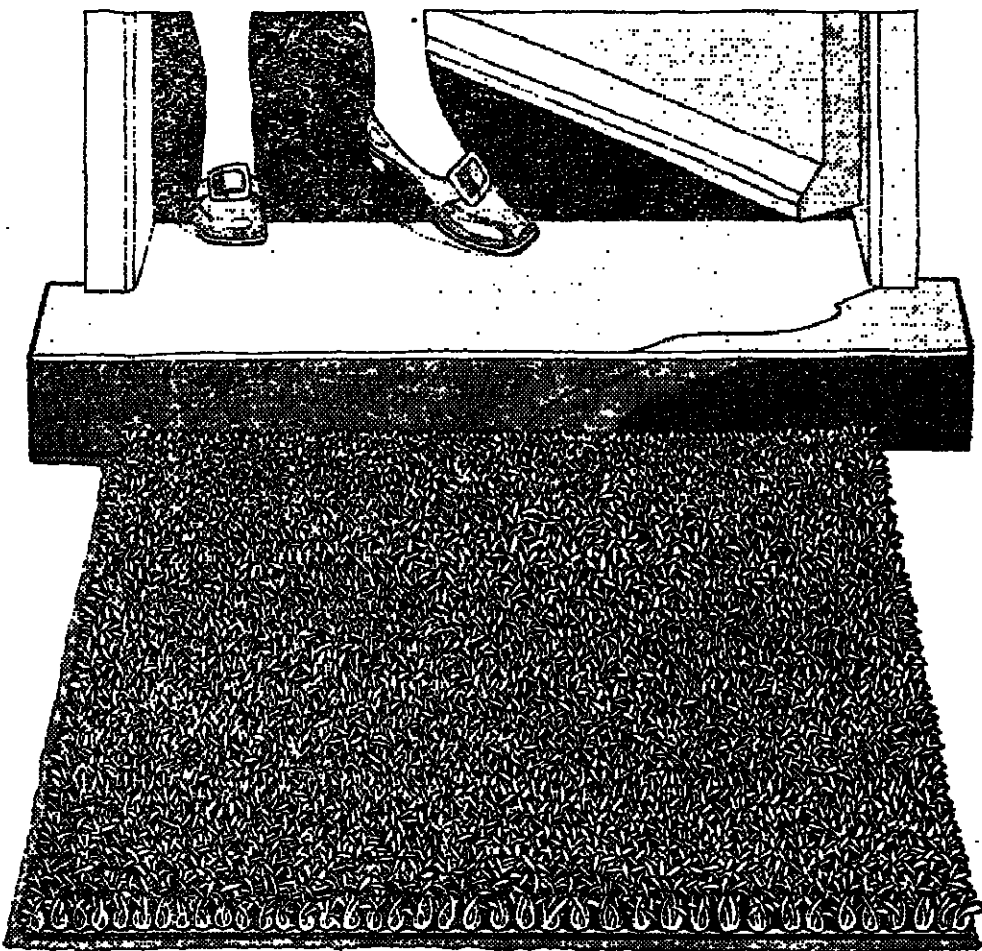
Aquascutum
100 REGENT STREET, W.1

and fine stores throughout the world. For name of nearest write or phone

AQUASCUTUM, 100 Regent Street, W.1 (01-734 6090)

GRANDMA'S DAY
OCT. 10th.
send her flowers
INTERFLORA

Leave it outside...



for clean floors inside!

Door Butler

DOORMAT BY Monsanto

A unique, new door mat. Looks as fresh as springtime all year long. Helps you keep your floors clean. It's tough. Long lasting. Easy to clean. Hose it. Vacuum it. Or leave it out in the rain. The Door Butler has a non-skid backing.

It gets dirt off boots and shoes and stands up to all weathers, spring, summer or winter. So have a fresh, welcoming green or gold coloured Door Butler for your home. Buy one at leading furnishing and department stores.



Available from Leading Stores -
Distributed by: Wiltshire Carpets Ltd.
and other Members of the Gainsborough Group

Double glazing?

Why pay up to twice our price?

Warmlife by Crittall-Hope can save you as much as 50% on double glazing your home. Why the staggering price advantage? Because Warmlife is so easy for you to fit yourself. So you need pay only for the units—not the installation. If you prefer, we will fit Warmlife for you, giving a separate quotation for the job. That way you know just what your money is buying. And you'll still make a very worthwhile saving... because you benefit from the economies of large scale production. Remember, Crittall-Hope is Britain's largest manufacturer of windows. Warmlife units are tailor-made to suit your windows and come fully assembled and ready-glazed. You can have hinged, sliding or fixed panels. They'll all do what only really good double glazing can do: keep in warmth, keep out draughts... and cut fuel bills so that you'll really notice the difference. Send now for free 'Warmlife' colour brochure, price information sheets and details of generous discounts.



Crittall-Hope NEW Warmlife: you can't buy better. So why pay more?

To Crittall-Hope Double Glazing Ltd. Dept STB4
Crittall Road, Witham, Essex. Telephone: Witham 3481
Please send me free Warmlife colour brochure and details of discounts and deferred terms.

Name _____
Address _____
County _____ Tel. No. _____
Member of the Insulation Glazing Association.

LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

IF YOU HAVE any views on abortion, by all means pass them on to Mrs Justice Lane's Committee on the Working of the Abortion Act. The committee naturally are most interested in comments from women who have actually had an abortion, although it should be remembered that the committee are not there to recommend changes in the grounds for an abortion. Write to the secretary, Mr R. P. S. Hughes, Room A407, Alexander Fleming House, London, SE1.

LEVER BROTHERS are about to relaunch Persil with a new formula. Ever since they started in 1909 they've been brand leaders, that is apart from the brief reign of the detergents. Persil has played a significant and enduring role in the history of advertising. The new campaign will feature a gang of happy, dirty little boys, the champion dirt collectors. As the drawing shows, the geese in the twenties was more genteel.

The afternoon concert and the washing done



DENTAL STUDENTS at University College Hospital carried out a research project to discover what sort of dentist patients liked. The results were asked if they preferred a man or a woman, old or young, whether

they minded a dentist with a beard, long hair, and so on. UCH has decided not to make the results of the survey public. Clinics at the hospital believe this is because it showed that no patient liked any dentist of any kind.

A MEMBER of Look! had a knock on the door last week and found an official-looking person on the doorstep whispering. What with the roaring traffic and the hand cupped over his mouth, the message wasn't getting across. Only when he'd stepped into the hall were normal communications restored: "I'VE COME," he said quite distinctly, "TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR MICE." So there is some delicacy left in this world. In the fair at least they don't go yelling it to the neighbours that your house is lifting with vermin.

What to do when you have mice: call your local council and they'll send somebody round to put down little squares of paper with poison on them. What to do if it doesn't work (and it doesn't always work, certainly not for ever): buy a cat. What to do if you're too poor to buy a cat: have a word with Social Security who will give you an allowance. We know a girl who lives by Hampstead Heath and is allowed 20p a week for each of her two cats, both necessary apparently in that part of the world.

And if you can prove the necessity, you can always get your cat set against tax. What a nice touch for those who like to screw the last penny from the Inland Revenue.

MISS GRENADA may have been opted out of this year's Miss World contest (remember that little trouble last year when she won, and the Premier of the country happened to be one of the judges?) and Jilly Cooper, one of the judges at the Miss United Kingdom contest, may never want to look at another woman's face, but she does hope yet for lovers of true beauty.

Ivor Spencer, secretary of the

Guild of Professional Toastmasters, is starting a Miss Natural Beauty contest. Sensible clothes, no make-up, no false aids and no high heels which bear out the theory that the pressure underneath a stiletto is equal to four elephants standing on top of each other, the bottom jumbo being on one foot.

Ivor deplures the fading of the English rose, but says he's sure the species still exists and he intends to find her, between 17-21 years of age. The judges would be painters and sculptors and people like Harry Wheatcroft, who after all knows a good rose when he sees one.

The idea came to Ivor while attending a society wedding in London, when a noble lord was heard to murmur: "I doubt if the bridegroom will recognise his lovely bride in the morning."

Tomb it may concern
Burial
Is a grave matter
Not to be undertaken lightly
Graeme Brinsley Carter

If two live wires touch
do they earth each other?
—or just fuse?
Ossie Phillips

Ten Commandments for the Annual Dinner

THIS TIME next month my husband and I, if you will pardon the expression, will be attending our Annual Official Function. That is to say we will be donning our somewhat mothballed soup-and-fish, hiring a mini-cab and joining 500 other couples at a large West End hotel where an army of waiters, cued by hidden signals, will serve us with the standard halibut-in-white-sauce, roast turkey-with-duchesse-potatoes and cheese soufflé, followed by toastmasters' announcements, speeches from the Top Table and a bit of genteel dancing to Jo Bloggs and his Orchestra.

From long experience in the role of Lady Guest I have observed that very few of the couples, married or otherwise, are on speaking terms by the end of the evening. The Annual Official Function is part of the British way of life.

As a result of my studies I have drawn up Ten Commandments for Husbands Attending Official Functions which women may care to leave about in a prominent place such as the loo or the front seat of the car a day or so before the evening of the event.

If closely followed, I guarantee that for the first time post-functional recriminations and tight-lipped silences will disappear.

1. Thou shalt not disappear into

the bar with cronies immediately on arrival to engage in office gossip. (You've got the rest of the year to spread malicious rumours about your colleagues.)

2. Thou shalt not drink more than two large whiskies before dinner (if you want to stay the course that is).

3. Thou shalt not spend the whole of the meal flirting with the company secretary's wife on your left, leaving your wife on your right to endure the details of the sales manager's latest round of golf.

4. Thou shalt not consume the whole solitary bottle of Beaujolais on the table leaving thy neighbours to make do with the warm carafe of hock-type Empire table wine.

5. Thou shalt not be seen bribing the waiter to bring thee a large Scotch during the chairman's speech in the mistaken belief that this will go unobserved.

6. Thou shalt refrain from drawing attention to thyself by banging the table and laughing sycophantically when the managing director cracks his annual joke.

7. Thou shalt not groan, sigh nor snore during the lady mayor's address, though the mike has broken down and she is totally inaudible.

8. Thou shalt not threaten at the top of thy voice to write to the organiser because thou hast

been seated behind a pillar with those thou feelest to be thy inferiors.

9. Thou shalt not, immediately upon the words "Take your partners" disappear in the direction of the gents, leaving thy lady to wait for half an hour in the company of the sales manager who is still stuck at the 14th hole.

10. Thou shalt not, on returning unsteadily to the table, announce that thou art unable to take the floor owing to a sudden attack of lumbago. Neither shalt thou finally drag thy partner from her seat with the words "Come on then, woman, let's get it over."

Should your husband read these rules carefully and agree to abide by at least half of them, I think you should give it another chance and get your Annual Function Dress out of the back of the cupboard. Should he, however, snort and throw the offending document into the waste paper basket, I suggest you cut your losses and announce on the morning of the party that you have suddenly been attacked by a mysterious bug and that you feel it would be anti-social to spread the infection.

After he's gone you can take a carefully secreted bottle of champagne out of the fridge and spend a quiet evening at home with the telly. Both you and your marriage will feel a lot better in the morning.

Evelyn Torlesse

CHEAPEST STRIPES AROUND: jolly jumpers, 15 of them for under £3—Back view: (left to right): Lightweight round-necked sweater by Peter London, £2.99. Blue denim flares, £4.95. Big felt beret by Edward Mann, £2.

Polo-necked ribbed wool sweater by John Craig, £2.90.

Two-tone brushed cotton denim jeans, £5.50. Felt pull-on hat by Edward Mann, £2.50.

Round-necked wool jumper, £1.75 from major branches of British Home Stores. Heavy cotton striped jeans, £4.95. Crochet cap by Edward Mann, £1.50. Stunning soft leather gloves with striped insets and beautiful colours. Designed by Mog for Hamdon Glove Co., £4.80. Available by mail order from them at Stone-sub-Hamdon, Somerset (Martock T219).

Thick-knit wool V-necked cardigan with striped front by Etam, £2.99. Worn beneath sleeveless lightweight vest top by

Peter London, £2.25. Tough denim flares with two back pockets, £4.95. Felt helmet by Edward Mann, £2.50.

Thick polo-necked sweater with striped back by Etam, £2.49. Multi-colour striped jeans, patch back pockets, £4.95. Wool beret by Edward Mann, £2.50.

Front view (left to right):

Fine long-sleeved striped sweater. Worn under thick-knit short-sleeved scoop-necked cardigan, both by John Craig, £1.95 each.

Acrylic roll-neck long-sleeved sweater by Etam, £1.99. Worn under acrylic sleeveless short rest by John Craig, £2.50.

Round-necked granny-ish long-sleeved thin jumper by Dorothy Perkins, £1.95. Worn under thick crochet wool tank-top by John Craig, £2.50.

Thick-knit wool roll-collar long-sleeved sweater by Etam, £1.99. Worn under sleeveless pullover by Dorothy Perkins, £1.75.

Round-necked ribbed skinny sweater by John Craig, £2.90.

If women only dirty one dish in three—why do they have to do all the washing up?

There's no justice in this man's world. Hence (we suppose) Women's Lib. Start your Liberation Movement at home, by agitating for a dishwasher. It's high time British women had them. Their American and Continental sisters have-in far greater numbers. And not just any dishwasher either. A Colston. Because it's the best-though not by any means the most pricey. Never let it be said that women are irresponsible. In all the plus points—quiet turbo-jet wash action, immaculate wash, sparkling dry, no breakages, prompt service—Colston comes top. Fire the first shot in the name of Freedom!

Fill in this coupon—

-----COLSTON-----

To Colston Appliances Ltd., Dept. ST44, High Wycombe, Bucks.

Please post free colour booklet on the Colston range of dishwashers.

Name _____
(Block letters please)

Address _____

County _____

Colston manufacture dishwashers, clothes washers and spin driers.

0376

Too independent to eat

DGAA provides nursing homes for retired people unable to fend for themselves. But many have a strong preference for independence—even when it means inability to afford sufficient food. DGAA helps here too, with small but regular amounts of money for necessities. Please help to keep the good work going with a legacy or by donating to:

Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association,
Vicars Gate House,
Vicars Gate,
Kensington, London, W.8.



DGAA

Turn tragedy into a grateful smile

GRANDMA'S DAY OCT. 10th

send her flowers

INTERFLORA

Satisfied Customers come back... there's no finer recommendation!



Reversible VELOUR

This good velour is sold as "slight seconds" but repeat orders show that the barely detectable imperfections do not affect general wear or appearance. Perfect draping for heavy curtains. Easily made up—no lining being needed—it is reversible.

Foreign.

48in. wide.

Per Yard

Cherry, Flame, Blue, Red, Olive, Gold, Green or Tangerine, and choice please.

Post free, 5 yds 25p; 6 yds 30p Carriage 30p. (OV PATTERNS POST FREE). Third Floor.

Dept. 25 (01) 927 5432, Ext. 314

Barkers

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET W8 5SE

(a) I enclose £ _____ please send _____ yds. 48in. Velour.

Colour _____

(b) Please send Patterns. Name & Address _____

ST/75

NICE GIRLS DO

68 page book free inside every copy of Vanity Fair

Straight-talking, up-to-date, comprehensive guide to the new sexual etiquette. All the problems besetting the Private You, the Public You and the Libidinal You. The Puzzled You will find it helpful - and compulsive. As for the rest of Vanity Fair, it rivets you with sight-searing plaids, sensuous fabrics, the scents and sounds of beauty, and the soft touch of Fashion Workshop's furry outlook. And whilst we're being

sensuous, we take a close look at that mysterious sixth sense.

Then there's the jacket success of the season - high-piled and handsome in colourful Borg with a beret to match - exclusive to you at £4.95.

Of course there's more in October Vanity Fair - but see for yourself tomorrow. On sale everywhere at only 15p.



OUT NOW 15p.

هذه من الامم



under acrylic thick scoop-vest by John Craig, £1.50.

ists: Knitwear: Dorothy ins—available from all branches. Etam—from all s. Peter London—from all s. of Gays & Dolls. Craze—from Stop the Shop Just Looking, King's Road, Smart & Tartan, Oxford St, W1; 2007, Oxford Street; Ique, Islington; Marbles, de Arch, J. R. Taylor, Wool. Also from leading ment stores throughout country.

near combinations of colours choices, too numerous to t, but all brilliant. s: all American, from a selection of style and sizes e Jean Machine, 103 King's SW3 (01-352 0307).

a selection by Edward

Many styles and colours.

ed by Harrods, Fenwick's,

Robinson, Miss Selfridge,

Lewis, Kennedy, B. H.

hester and Elliston & Cavell,

rd.

Ballet Shoes, still dancing 40 years on ...

EVER SINCE Noel Streatfeild wrote Ballet Shoes some 40 years ago, little girls all over the world, whose hearts go pit-a-pat at the smell of greasepaint and the dazzle of footlights, have reached for the new Noel Streatfeild as automatically as for their morning cornflakes. Somewhat to her chagrin, she has become the sort of writer whose books are seldom reviewed, merely announced; she says she sometimes feels like a national monument "completely taken for granted."

Generations of these same little girls write to Miss Streatfeild in their thousands every year to ask her what ever happened to the Fossils and the Bell Family

I asked the French au pair To give me the kiss of life But she said You must be choking

David Temperer

LOOK!

and all the other Streatfeild characters who are as real to them as their own families. They also ask lots of questions about herself, which is why the third volume of her autobiography Beyond the Vicarage (Collins, 22) was published last week.

Miss Streatfeild in the flesh is very unmonumental, as stringent and down-to-earth in conversation as she is in her writing. She sits on a brocade sofa in her little Belgrave maisonnette, smoking a cigarette in an intriguing holder which is ringed round a well-manicured finger. Every volume of her autobiography is called after the vicarage in which she grew up and haunts her to the extent that she has to steel herself to enter any vicarage to this day. Life in the vicarage before the First World War was muted and repressive and Noel was always the rebel in the family.

"On Sundays we all had to learn the collect for the day before breakfast and at breakfast we had to recite it and then we were asked the catechism and I was always bottom because the first question was 'What is your name, M or N?' and my name was Mary Noel so I always said 'Both'."

"My birthday was Christmas Eve, which is why I was called Noel, and nobody seemed to realise that this meant I only got half the presents and half the cake than any of the other children. Instead they said 'What a lucky girl to share the birthday of our Lord,' in hushed voices. My dear, you've never heard a hushed voice until you'd heard them."

When she escaped, she escaped properly, travelling round the world as an actress and relishing the gaily of the Twenties and Thirties. When family circumstances changed and she decided to write for a living, the only way she could resist the invitations which disrupted her work was to stay in bed and write, which she still does.

She's writing another novel for children and a book about



Noel Streatfeild: novel after novel written in bed

about her health and making a stern effort to keep up to date and see lots of young people.

One thing she has noticed in 40 years writing for children is that children have hardly changed at all. She still gets exactly the same letters as she did then and she disagrees strongly with the current belief that children want to read about people like themselves, and not about wealthy middle-class families in big houses and boarding schools.

"I tell you what children would really like to know about," she says, from a lifetime's experience. "Not about themselves, they'd really like the inside story of the Buckingham Palace nurseries, something like that."

Lesley Garner

Jilly Cooper on style

LAST WEEK I had a great experience—lunch with David Niven. Our aim was to discuss his autobiography—which incidentally is one of the funniest books I've read in ages—but instead we discussed everything else under the sun and had such a ball that afterwards the only thing I could be positive about was here was a man with great style.

But what exactly do we mean when we say someone has style? Certainly it is a quality you feel rather than see. You can be as beautiful as the dawn and have no style at all. People with style possess a certain indefinable something that sets them aside from the crowd; they seem to have recognised and cultivated their own particular individuality. Whatever the cause—whether eccentric or outlandish—they do it with conviction and dash. They have the courage to be themselves.

David Niven's brand of style consists of being and saying exactly the right thing at the right moment. Other people with style dazzle you into thinking the wrong thing is right—wearing bedroom slippers with a ball-gown, perhaps, or someone else's husband with maroon. José Ferrer playing Cyrano de Bergerac, for example, had such style that by the end of the film his wig had gone grey.

People with style, in fact, break all the rules and get away with it. What we see is a lowly, unassuming, and under-sized.

Style has nothing to do with class. Fishmongers have style in abundance, so do mongrels—one has only to look at them jauntily circumnavigating the traffic, curly tails askew. Pedigree dogs are too jumpy and eager to please to have any style. Brumettes have much more style than blondes—

My English mistress at school first made me conscious of style. She was tall and gaunt with snapping dark eyes and jet black hair. She wore a lot of red and alternately caped with laughter and anger. But before she came into the classroom, the dingy overhead light bulbs seemed to quadruple their intensity, and we would suddenly become aware of the great coloured world awaiting us beyond the school gates.

Since then I have tried very hard to acquire style. When I was younger I used to make dramatic entrances at parties, standing in the doorway, my head thrown back. If no one took any notice of me, I would go out and come in again. Today when I'm stopping along Lillie Road, I try to think tall and hold myself properly.

"Her carriage is superb," I imagine every passer-by saying to himself, then I trip over an uneven paving stone and the whole image is shattered.

Style, of course, is the ability to make the grand gesture. Squire Mytton setting fire to his night-shirt to cure the hiccoughs, the Countess of Desmond climbing an apple tree at the age of 140 and falling to her death in a shower of glittering golden apples, Thurber wandering into the Corn Exchange throwing down a handful of corn, and saying: "Exchange that."

Style is also insouciance—a dreadful ability to disregard the feelings of others. A recent diplomatic party at a private house was scheduled to end at 11.30, but suddenly took off, and the champagne roar was still going at five o'clock the following morning, by which time the neighbours started complaining. Whereupon a senior

* The Moon's a Ballroom (to be published on October 11 by Hamish Hamilton at £2.50).

ambassador's wife was heard to say: "Don't bother about them, they ought to be getting ready to go to work by now."

Pure Marie Antoinette. No one looks stylish in a bath cap, particularly men. On the other hand it's stylish to give your lovers Black Velvet to drink when you're lying in your bath like the Evelyn Waugh heroine. It's also stylish to have an ordinance survey map of your estate to give champagne visitors by private plane, and even more stylish, as one chum did, to land by helicopter in the wrong garden and decimate 1000 roses.

Style comes with age and self-confidence. One thinks of Methuselah and Cassius Clay. Most children under four have style, then people start telling them not to show off, and they're shunted off to school to get the stuffing knocked out of them, and don't regain any style until well into their twenties.

Television is deliberately anti-style. It over-exposes people so much that the public become bored of them before they have time to develop any idiosyncrasies. Besides, if you're inviting someone into your front room, I suppose you'd rather they behaved like the boy next door than some exotic eccentric Lady Muck.

There are exceptions. Flip Wilson has no style, so does David Dimbleby and that divine fox in the Fox's Glacier Mint commercials. Jack de Manio has more style than the whole of BBC together. Andy Williams, Des O'Connor, Val Doonican and their father Perry Como are all the same person and he doesn't have any style at all. John Neville had great style as Marlborough in The First Churchills, even though that ludicrous wig made him look like something out of The First Crusades. Susan Hampshire is so refined she's got "stale," hardly surprising after all those Forsyte instalments.

Danny la Rue has great style dressed as a woman. Mrs Grundy has no style dressed as Lord Longford, nor do any of those other Festival of Lime-light seekers. Male nurses have style. So did Charles II. Madame de Staël, presumably had Staël, before she moved on to a host of others.

There isn't much style in literature today, either. I'm bored of all those downbeats greyly celebrating their neuroses. I crave the glittering artificiality of Oscar Wilde and Noel Coward, the devastating wit of Evelyn Waugh and Nancy Mitford.

People with style, I suppose, get away with murder. Jack the Ripper had style, but I can't say the same for Geoff the Rippon, and the rest of that knockabout comedy team at Westminster. Alpha, Barber, Thatcher, Walker and Come into the Garden Maudling. Harold Wilson had style—but he's so devious I'm sure if he took you out for a slap-up evening, he'd send you four dozen red herrings the next morning. Lovely George Brown had more style than was good for him and seeing the Lords Avon and Butler occasionally on telly makes one realise what style and dignity they had compared with today's motley collection.

Finally, style seems to me to be a healthy disregard for other nations' customs—a refusal to compromise. Like the distinguished American lady who sat next to a man I know at a grand dinner in the city. She chattered incessantly and blew smoke all over him through each course. Finally the chairman rose to his feet saying: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Queen."

Whereupon the distinguished American lady leapt to her feet, crying: "Where is she, where is she? Introduce me at once."

LOOK! AGAIN

COME TO OUR INTERNATIONAL FASHION SHOW

to be held on the 4th floor daily at 11.30 am and 2.30 pm on:
Tuesday October 5
Wednesday October 6
Thursday October 7
Friday October 8
Saturday October 9
No tickets required



Simpson
PICCADILLY

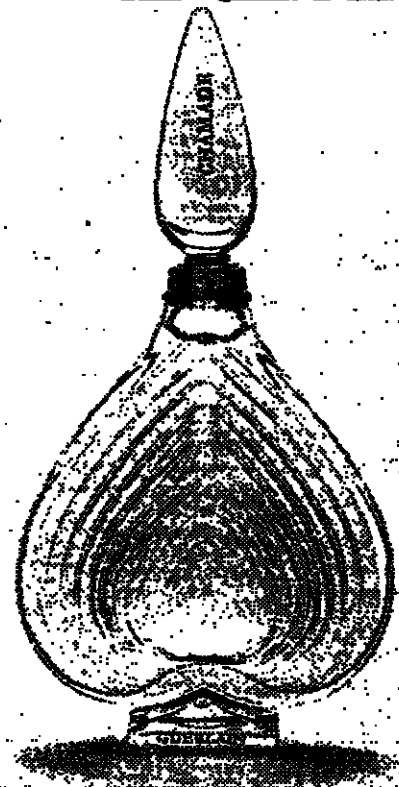


The richness of wool—with a Paris accent. Our topcoat takes its inspiration from Paris, where this season's collections showed a much-acclaimed return to elegance. In all the richness of Pure New Wool. Black or bitter chocolate. Sizes 10-16. £48.00. Open until 7 pm Thursdays, 5.30 pm on Saturdays

Simpson
PICCADILLY

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd London W1A 2AS 01-734 0022

GUERLAIN



CHAMADE, OUR LATEST FRAGRANCE

Parfume from £4.40. Eau de Toilette from £3.37. Eau de Cologne from £1.85. Bath oil £1.65. Soap from £1.50. Body cream £2.45. Deodorant spray £1.88. Talcum powder £1.10. Dusting powder £3.35. (Recommended retail prices)

55 New Bond Street, London W1. 01-629 7012

Weathered brown age spots? new cream fades them away



athered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face! The world you're getting old—perhaps before you really see it. A new cream called Esoterica fades them away, as it disturbs, lubricates the skin. Masses of pigment break up, ugliness disappears, your skin looks clearer, younger. Esoterica works equally well on hands, face, neck and back. If you want your skin fairer, younger looking, start using Esoterica. Original or Facial £1.65.

tified Esoterica for weathered is requiring more positive action. See times stronger. £2.34.



itchum
ESOTERICA

Obtainable from Boots and chemists everywhere.

Ever slept with a continental?



If you haven't, you don't know what you're missing. Under a Slumberland continental quilt you'll discover the new, free and permissive way of sleeping. With no more heavy blankets to weigh you down. And no more fighting the bedclothes trying to relax.

Instead, there's all the soft, seductive warmth of natural down and feather snuggling you gently to sleep. And in the morning there's another dream to wake up to—your bed's made in 18 seconds! Try one at bedtime. It's the new experience in bed.

SLUMBERDOWN
Surrender to its warm embrace

4 nights FREE trial

If I like to try a Slumberland, please send me FREE colour brochure with details of sizes, prices and pretty coverslips—and how to get my two-week FREE TRIAL.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

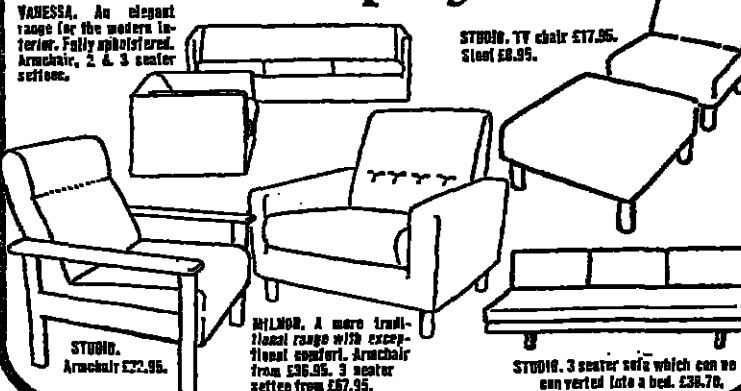
COUNTY _____

Tel: Seven Direct Ltd., Department 355, 8 Alka St., Edinburgh EH2 4PL. Tel: 031-225 0041

A Delightful Complexion Bloom

Wrinkles are really 'river-beds' of dry cells formed when the natural fluids dry out through the passage of time and the drying effect of exposure to wind and weather. To bring new life and loveliness to your skin and stop wrinkle dryness, smooth in a film of beautifying oil of Ulay before making up. This will beautify your skin at depth and give your complexion a delightful dewy bloom.

Beautiful furniture that costs up to 50% less



Designed by Morton Laidlaw and sent direct to you from one of Britain's finest furniture factories. Exclusive designs and enormous value we sell direct to you. They cost up to 50% less. Pay cash or by credit and remember, you are buying direct from us—no middleman's profit.

Please send me your free colour catalogue without obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

Post today. No stamp needed.

Jaeger-Le Coultre have a lot of time for us.

JAEGER-LE COULTRE of Switzerland have a big new selection of their precision clocks now at Harrods—including the very latest models, never seen in Britain before. You could buy one for as little as £25.

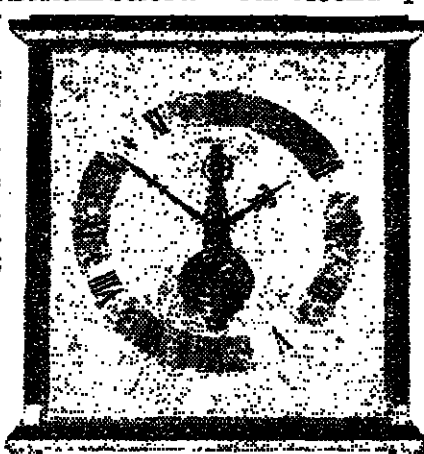
Or, for £325, own the finest 'Atmos', the clock that runs on air. Shown here is a new eight-day timepiece at £71.75. Gilt and plexiglass case. Circular gilt

face etched with black Roman numerals. A visible escapement, so you can see what makes it tick. The entire collection is on view in our Clock Department on the

Ground Floor. Where you'll find we have a lot of time for you.

Harrods

Knightsbridge SW1
01-730 1234



OCTOBER NOVA



WARNING
THIS ISSUE
MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO
MEN'S HEALTH... AND
EVERY WOMAN SHOULD
FIND OUT WHY!

NOVA

Keep your hair on—
wherever it is!

NOVA

The snakes and ladders
of the Sex War. A Freud-
inspired quiz.

NOVA

Achievements laudable and
ludicrous. Our 100 women
of the year.

NOVA

Where liberation begins:
In the nursery school.

NOVA

What homosexuals think
of women. A brilliant
perspective.

NOVA

When society cuts out men.
A look into the future.

OCTOBER NOVA

everything women want to
know about women.
out now-20p

LOOK!

A blind dinner

FROZEN food has possibly got itself a poor image because so far it's been pretty plebeian fodder. Look! felt that a fairer judgment could be made by trying the more adventurous dishes now beginning to make their appearance, the gourmet end of the market.

We got a cook with a reputation for unyielding excellence and swore her to secrecy: she wasn't to tell the guests that dinner was frozen. She served pâté, sole bonne femme, duckling in orange sauce, all of which were frozen; then cheese from the incomparable Roche of Soho and the cook's own huge apple tart with cream (a bit of a swizz these, since they weren't frozen, only thrown in to complete the sense of a banquet).

With the tart the cook served a Chateau Couët 1922 and confessed all. Jilly Cooper refused to believe any of it was frozen; but then you'd expect her to be rapturous about such a discovery since she pretends she can only cook cabbage. More impressive, Egon Ronay was full of praise—generally he has maintained an unrivalled lack of enthusiasm for frozen food. He's awfully polite, of course, but even so it was eloquent enough that he ate everything.

Our cook said it was the easiest meal she'd ever cooked. Making it all herself would have been no cheaper, she said, and there was her time to think of.

She was most impressed by the sole bonne femme: it was boiled in its plastic bag for ten minutes and served. She said that the day all food comes this way will be the day she gives up cooking.

The pâté was in a foil container, just left to defrost. The duckling in its sauce, also in foil, had merely to be heated in the oven. It all came from Alveston Kitchens, a company formed three years ago by John Docker and Mitchell Fisher. They were students of hotel management and cookery together and joined up in business with the conviction that there had to be a way of producing gourmet food with all the convenience of the humblest dishes available—pre-cooked and deep-frozen.

A great deal of experimentation went on at Docker's farmhouse kitchen at Alveston, near Stratford-on-Avon. The recipes used were classical French and Italian.

Their gastronomic and economic breakthrough was first proved by their taking over the restaurants at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford. They turned a heavy loss into a profit.

Meanwhile their outside business has flourished and their dishes are fairly widely available now: duckling à l'orange seems most popular at 121p for two portions; the pâté we had is 78p for six; beef bourguignon is 100p for two; but for a full list of dishes and availability write to Alveston Kitchens, Timothy's Bridge Road, Stratford. There are catering packs, too, but you need deep-freeze for those, and about deep-freezers—more in Look! next Sunday.

Narration
Fascination
Infatuation
Adoration
Anticipation
Obsession
Frustration
Exploration
Experimentation
Vacillation
Deflection
Impregnation?
Confirmation
Litigation
Solemnisation
Ian S. T. Macfadden



A NEW PIECE of furniture (above) from Rupert Oliver, a designer who seems to be going places. This acrylic chaise-longue has been chosen by Walter Collins, of Oscar Woolens, 421/3 Finchley Road, London NW3 as the only piece of British furniture in his big 25th anniversary exhibition of international furniture beginning on October 14. It has also been chosen by Maples for their

Comfort promotion starting on Wednesday. Walter Collins says of the chaise-longue that it is "a very imaginative and elegant way to use acrylic. It has a beautiful and flowing line, a sculptural quality that I like." I agree. It is a lovely piece of furniture designed by a designer who clearly has a great feeling for acrylics. The price is £110.
Lucia van der Post

Three white, three red

FOR THE SIXTH Instant Cellar I've departed from precedent and chosen a pair each of six wines from the 18th-century wine merchant, John Harvey—maybe best known for sherry, but listing fine wines, too. These six wines would enable you to have three dinner-party pairs (one white, one red), or you could have an all-white wine meal, or a delectable combination of two quite different but first-rate Beaujolais, or have a crisp, dry Mosel before a robust Rhône with an autumnal casserole.

The white wines are especially fine, the red wines the sort to interest any sincere wine-lover. I've chosen them bearing in mind the contents of Instant Cellars of past months—and the future—and the comments I've received from readers. You could make this selection the basis for a wine-tasting party, with fifteen different paying notes I've written about them, as well as serving them with food. If you do, serve them in the order given here.

Instant Cellar No. 6 gives you: Two bottles of Oberemmer Scharzhofberg 1969, a wine from the Saar, tributary of the Moselle, fresh and crisp, good for an aperitif, or any time or first course drink.

Two bottles of Sauvignon de St Bris 1970, Domaine W. Pinon, a wine from the Department of the Yonne. We had an Aligoté St Bris in the Instant Cellar No. 1—here's a chance to compare grapes. The wine is dry, fullish, very much all-purpose and it is French-bottled.

Two bottles of Sancerre 1970, P. Friem, a Loire wine, also from the Sauvignon grape and very fine indeed. It is French



bottled, and deliciously fragrant, full-flavoured and in the "dinner party" category for either a first course (with shellfish, including oysters or lobster), or a not-too-meaty main course such as boiled or even plainly roast chicken, or a crown roast (but no mint sauce).

Two bottles of Chiroubles 1970 and two bottles of Brochy 1970, both single district Beaujolais each of them representing their region to perfection. Good Beaujolais is a treat—and sometimes a rare one. But it can be a delight. Not for nothing is the motto of the Compagnons du Beaujolais "Vindons les tonnesaux" (Empty the casks). It should be a wine you quaff, and then want to quaff again. The Chiroubles is fresh, fruity, fairly light in character, at its best now.

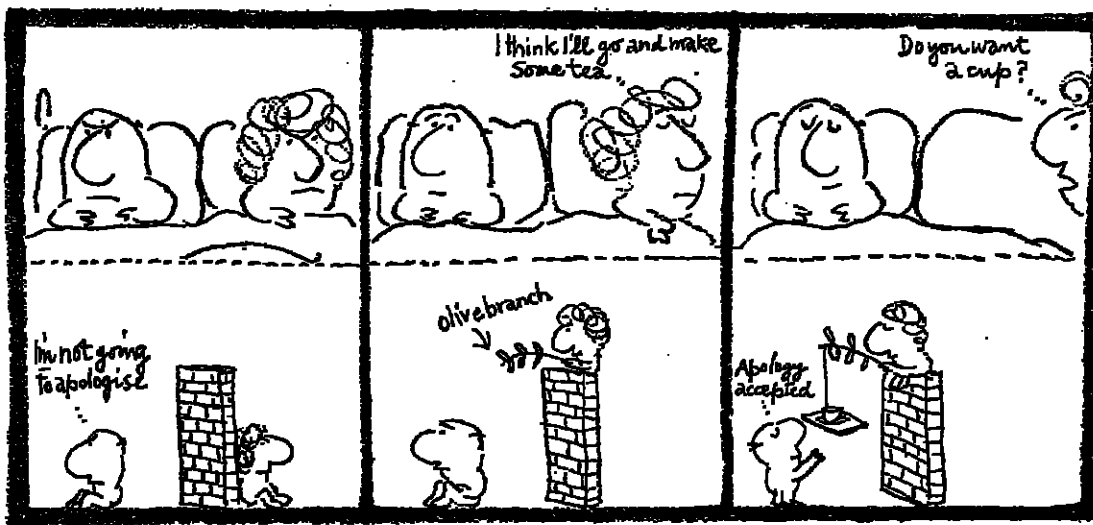
The Brochy is firmer, capable of getting even better, sturdy

enough to partner a game dish, whereas the Chiroubles is maybe at its best with grills or straightforward roasts. But either or the pair would make a party even just with bread and cheese—but allow generous amounts per head.

Two bottles of Domaine de Bel Air, 1968, Côte de Rhône. A good example of a Rhône wine from farther south than the one in Instant Cellar No. 3—this comes from a single vineyard near Avignon. It is good now, especially with casseroles, game, or very spiced meats, but it will get better.

The Instant Cellar No. 6, delivered free with my own tasting notes and instructions for serving the wines, costs £9.60, a saving of £1.42 if you want and bought the wines yourself.

To obtain Instant Cellar No. 6, send a remittance for £9.60 to: John Harvey & Sons Ltd., P.O. Box 55, Bristol. It is regretted that the merchant cannot enter into correspondence about the offer, nor can the wines be altered. The volume of orders may mean some delay in dispatch.
Pamela Vandyke Price



COUPLES

by Calman



Winter in Dereta

It's the warmest way to see winter out. Left: in brown/olive tweed mixture, racoon collar, sizes 12-16, £36-70. Right: in oatmeal tweed or black and white tweed, Spanish lamb collar, sizes 12-16, £26-90. Personal shoppers only, Coat Room, first floor, Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge SW1. Phone 01-235 5000.

Budget Fashion Show

Oct. 5, 6 and 7 at 11 am and 2.30 pm each day. Telephone 01-235 5000, Ext. 252, for admission ticket.

HARVEY NICHOLS

Open all day
Saturday



Exclusive to Barkers! ALL WOOL Double Knit Jersey Dress

Rich velvet collar to match. Long sleeves, back zip, four buttons. Skirt lined at back. Bitter Chocolate, Black, Kingfisher or Burgundy, and choice please.

Hips 36 38 40 42
Size 12 14 16 18
Black Hips 44 46 48
only Size 20 22 24

£8.75
£9.50

Post Etc. 25p. Hips 36-42, Dept. 2
Phone Ext. 252 Hips 44-50, Dept. 2, Ext. 252, and 251.

Barkers
KENSINGTON
HIGH STREET W8 5SE

How labels came unstuck

I CAN REMEMBER being six more exciting and hazardous than my uncle's house in order to drag out an old brown leather suitcase full of dressing-up clothes.

At the time the clothes interested me more than the case, but in recalling the scene I can remember that the suitcase was absolutely plastered with sticky luggage labels from almost everywhere.

There were P & O round ones, Cunard blue-edged oval ones and big square ones and the writing on them stated boldly for the world and his luggage porter to see that my aunt and uncle had, in their hey-day, visited the Majestic Hotel in Cannes, the Grand in Nice, plus a dozen others on the Continent. They had even visited Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo and the label from there was very romantic with a sepia pyramid and a palm tree, but sadly half the pyramid was obliterated by a label from somewhere in Brighton (my aunt and uncle ran out of money towards the end).

In the Thirties, when one half of the population was on the breadline and marching from Jarro, a small percentage of the other half did the grand tour of Europe or the Atlantic run in the Berengaria (which had been captured from the Germans in the First World War). Travel, especially foreign travel, was the prerogative of the rich, so that a luggage label firmly attached to a suitcase or trunk was as much a status symbol then as the Mini with smoked glass windows or the Jensen Interceptor that gets up to 85 in first is today.

As the crepe-de-chine gently jostled the black bugle beads at the cold buffet tables of the floating hotels, a background of popping champagne corks and Henry Hall's band, the well-labelled cabin trunks stoically helped maintain the status quo, as every label told a story of success story. Foreign travel was the thing to do and where you'd been and how you'd travelled provided a great arena for one-upmanship.

Perhaps, too, the use of labels in such quantity at a time when

travel was regarded as slightly more exciting and hazardous than it is now, indicated a desire to act as a sort of talisman in much the same way as paintings which were carefully drawn but placed one over another were intended not as works of art but as a magical offer to the gods to ensure good things.

Magic aside, the desire to lect and display the exotic details of the consumer society diminishes as exclusivity dwindle under the pressure of mass consumption.

One thing is certain: progress in the shape of increased travel opportunities for everyone, nearly killed the sticky luggage label. "People get very annoyed if we stick a label on their luggage now," said a Cunard office.

Half an hour spent at a luggage bay at London Airport reveals only three suitcases with labels on. All three cases were left (things don't stick to vinyl well) but the one which bore most evidence of world travel belonged not to one of the rich but to a BOAC stewardess. All three suitcases had one label in common "Jamaica," which leads one to suppose that the country still has the best Publicity Department or the strongest glue.

So faced with the demise of sticky labels what can the jet-hopper—who wouldn't be dead with one on his executive briefcase anyway—do now? Can, and does, tear the fangled tie-on label off handles of his luggage, leaving with well-studied carelessness the strings with which they were attached.

"We get lots like that," airport porter said. "They do for show you know."

"Have you," I asked him, "ever seen any label on a suitcase in all the years you been here which sticks in your mind?"

"Yes," he replied. "I saw a hand pulling a lavatory chair underneath it said in black letters 'Goodbye on world'."

Judy Chisholm

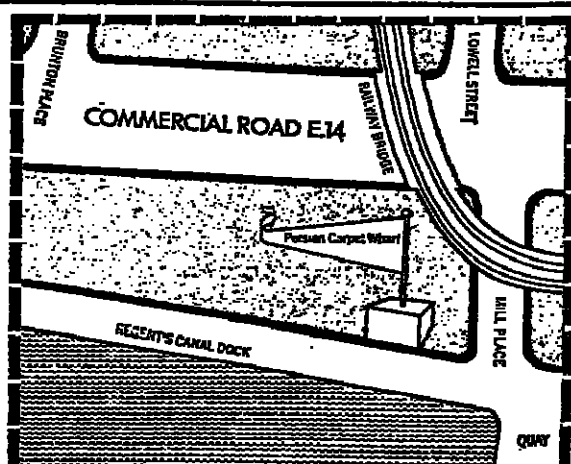


RODEX

The Rodex collection is not another batch on the production line, it is made by craftsmen for you. Prices start from £40.00

Liberty

Regent Street London W.1. 734 1234



Come to the East where Oriental Carpets cost less.

Out in the East End we can sell oriental carpets really cheap one day every week.

Every Sunday from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. All carpets fully guaranteed: if you're not satisfied with your purchase, we'll exchange it. Come along this Sunday.

Persian Carpet Wharf.

Regent's Canal Dock,
Commercial Road,
London, E14.

Depression: a wife's story

LOOK!

HUSBAND is depressed. He has been depressed for about 10 years. I try to make it understandable. I think about a awful, tense, grey, pre-stressful days when I drive the road with my usual fear of accidents completely departed, use on those days I don't if I am killed anyway. I tell self that that is how he feels in, day out.

Some forms of depression are obviously normal and even they—as a response to bereavement, for example. My husband has an "endogenous" depression, depression growing from within without any specific, lifable cause.

His depression is not the worst. He wakes early, after sleeping fitfully, is immediately overwhelmed by nameless forebodings and anxieties. He has almost always aged to get to work, where, ceasing going at top pressure, he is able to ward off a great awareness of his life.

At this time he comes home in evening a complete change taken place: he is fidgety, less and has only a fleeting rest in anything. His boredom is unbearably for example, he cannot age to read anything more than a newspaper headline, though he used to read widely, but claims to find all our boring, and when I test him by reading him a down every name suggested, he restless is short-lived; in the hour he is sleeping in armchair and only rouses self to stagger upstairs, some- as early as 8.30 and rarely 10 pm.

He works all day Saturdays. He is Sunday because there is work to terminate the morning and it haunts him until he time, after which he goes to sleep for two or three hours.

For him everything is monotonous: he cannot distinguish between good and bad, beautiful and ugly; he cannot make moral aesthetic judgments or decisions. He feels remote and withdrawn and cannot allow himself to be involved.

Ed Emmott to Grigore: "We can't be holier than thou!" Timothy Benjamin

self to admit or express his emotions. He says he has never felt a single moment's happiness in his whole life.

There is a terrible feedback: his depression depresses me, which in turn makes him more depressed; he becomes withdrawn and rebuffs any physical or emotional approach and I, too, become frigid and withdrawn. This naturally makes him feel even more isolated and his remoteness intensifies. We never fight; we speak rarely, formally, politely. We huddle into opposite sides of our bed at night.

People suffering from depression refer to their failure to relate, to make contact, of feeling as if they are isolated from the rest of the world by a glass wall. No one seems to realise that their family and friends are usually as acutely conscious of the glass wall as they are.

Mostly I worry about our children. He is incapable of becoming involved with them although he longs to. Our elder boy loves to make things and desperately wants to work with his father. But my husband, who is very good with his hands, never makes anything with them and the super tools and work bench lie idle while the children nag persistently to use them.

Within 18 months of our marriage I went into analysis. My problems have proved to be by no means as deep-rooted, complex and agonising as my husband's. It was impossible to believe then that his depression really had nothing to do with our marriage: I felt sure that he did not love me, did not find me attractive and that I was no good in bed. I felt hideously guilty about my many varied interests, yet at the same time exasperated with him for not having any interests of his own.

After I had finished my analysis, which lasted for three years and continued through my first two pregnancies, the problems grew more intense. I start most days with a sick headache. The children have

always come into our room as soon as they wake up, which they do at a reasonably civilised hour. I feel my stomach tighten into knots as I sense them exacerbating my husband's taut nerves.

I have become harder on the children in an effort to save them from the consequences of their own actions, and watch in mounting panic when I can see that they are going too far. It is difficult for me to see childish teasing and high spirits in any sort of perspective.

Although the depression is always present it is cyclical and has some slight remissions followed by terrible terrifying down-swings. At these times I can do nothing right for him and it becomes almost funny: the dinner is wrong; "Why don't we ever have fish?" The following night we have fish and he does not want it or like it.

I feel that we ought to be companionable in the evenings and instead of the things I am longing to do (typing letters, phoning, music practice, etc.) I sit in front of the television—sleeping.

When he goes up to bed I have just reached my best time of day, but it seems terrible to me that we should never go to bed at the same time, so I trail up the stairs immediately after him, hoping that this gesture will show him my affection and ease his sadness. After months of having these hateful early nights, I have now found out that he feels intensely irritated and persecuted by my sitting in the room with him and following him upstairs. "Why won't you ever leave me alone? Can't you see how desperate I am to be on my own?"

His parents tell me that he ought to try to pull himself together. My parents tell me that he ought to have a healthy, outdoor interest like golf. All the advice about depression tells you that the patient cannot pull himself together at all. I tell his parents that, but sometimes I am driven into pleading with him myself to make a bit more effort.

I feel dreadfully guilty about this, but because I am against it even if it is a good idea: whatever the strain of Sundays it is our only day together and I cannot bear the thought of his going off alone then.

It seems to me that the whole value of all our lives at stake. We were when I was 17 and he was 19 and we were married after a courtship of nearly five years. We have been married for 11 years and I love him dearly.

Our marriage has never been at risk. But it seems as if every thing I have ever done or felt, all our shared experiences, are nullified if he really never has a moment's happiness. I have said to him that I refuse to accept that this is how our life is to be from now on. I insisted that he must seek help and I made all the arrangements. I thought our troubles would be relieved.

Next Sunday: the treatment.

● ONE PROBLEM was to find a method of safeguarding women motorists who might stall a car on a busy motorway. In their "Auster," he said, they might not be able to pass the starting tests. —Report in Scotsman (sent in by Mrs Evelyn Millar, Glenrothes, Fife).

● OWNER'S signature: Mr. —From the guarantee certificate of a new Simca (Mrs E Keith, St Brelade, Jersey).

● I WOULD expect her to be able to cook a meal, change a nappie and scrub a floor. —Dave Clark in the Sun, talking about choosing a wife (Mrs Barbara Tate, Kings Road, Richmond, Surrey).

● MY IDEA about its being a girls' place was quite wrong—it is an excellent little restaurant and completely unpompous. —Jack de Manio in the Barclaycard magazine (Miss Betty Bush, May Avenue, Wollaton, Notts).

● TWENTY-FIVE per cent extra charge for cutting and styling by male stylist. —Sunderland hair-dressing salon notice (Mrs Barbara Vaughan, Astral House, Sunderland).

● "SPOCK, the women on your planet are logical. It's the only planet in the galaxy where they are!" —Captain Kirk in the TV series Star Trek (Sheila McNeil, Beckenham, Kent).

John Timbers



Margaret Leighton: "I know I look dreadfully dated. I usually sit around in jeans like a cow girl. I'd love to be trendy and in the swing, but now I don't even know where to buy to look elegant."



Michael Wilding: Levis, a Marks and Spencer woolly and a shirt from Katharine Hepburn. "I say to Maggie she mustn't ever try to push me into trendy stuff."

His clothes and hers

THE DEEPLY HAPPY marriage of Margaret Leighton and Michael Wilding is now in its eighth year. For each the marriage seems the first despite the publicity both received before with previous partners. His second spouse was Elizabeth Taylor, mother of his sons, and hers was Laurence Harvey.

These Wildings are even on the surface an obviously well-suited pair. They somehow look alike. Very English. Classic. They share a tall leggy elegance, unbeatable racehorses. They are ageless and their aura is such that age is something you wouldn't inquire about anyway.

Like everyone who looks a million dollars whatever they're wearing, they are confidently unpreoccupied with clothes. "We've come to the point where we couldn't care less. Now we just look like any comfortable aged couple." Which isn't true, as you can see.

Michael: "We met making a Hitchcock film, Under Capricorn. Under Capricorn we called it. I thought she was terribly toffed-out and unapproachable."

Margaret: "Because I was terrified."

Michael: "She was very Old Vic and I was just a Flash Artie Harry. Flashing my teeth. Asinine smile. Anyway we didn't meet again for 14 years. Not till 1962 in America. Maggie had a flat in New York. I remember the carpet."

Margaret: "It was dark purple, extremely elegant."

Michael: "It was dark purple, extremely hard on the eyes in the morning. The next year we got married."

Margaret: "I wore a hideous Paisley-patterned dress of mind-boggling revulsion."

Michael: "It was a kind of mauve bolster. She looked very pretty. Her face did."

Margaret: "He wore a dark suit. He always looks very well when he's done up. His tailors are Benson, Perry and Whitley in Cork Street."

Michael: "Wilson, Keppel and Betty I call them. Famous music hall team. I don't own many clothes. Spent most of my time in Levis and loafers. Used to have hats and a camel-hair coat. Can't think what's happened to them. I say to Maggie she mustn't ever try to push me into trendy stuff. This woolly I'm wearing is from Katharine Hepburn."

Margaret: "I remember that. Katie Hepburn gave me. 'That's a nice shirt you're wearing,' I said to her. So she gave me one. Once I had a marvellous morning suit made for me to wear with Anna Neagle in one of our films. I'd decided to nick it then it disappeared. It turned up in Blackpool, on me in Madame Tussauds. Those were in my suave, dancing—I use the term loosely—days. A chorus boy once told me I had the best legs in the business. Rather nerve-racking."

Margaret: "We neither of us dress up now. I usually sit around in jeans like a cowgirl. I've never been pretty so I have to bother with make-up, but the way I do it is frightfully old-fashioned. I know that. I'd love to be trendy in the swing line where to buy and what gear (is that it?) to wear. But I've been 12 years in America and now I don't even know where to go to be elegant."

"I used to dress at Hardy Amies and Norman Hartnell but now I just don't go round to it. And if I did I honestly wouldn't know what to ask for. The way I look is dreadfully dated. The other day I said to Mike that I was getting just too decrepit. So when we were in London we went into this shop together."

Michael: "It was a bar, a sort of wig bar. Indeed I ought to have been getting something for myself. Maggie put on a long door mat with a lot of knitting in the pattern. I thought what is she doing the silly old fool. I was appalled. I thought she's well known, she shouldn't be seen like this. Besides she's too beautiful. But she was drunk with power. She bought two of them."

Maggie: "His manners are so nice. He didn't like to say in front of the assistant that I looked like an animal's you-know-what. And I couldn't tell till I got home. I didn't like to put my glasses on in the shop, it would have spoiled the effect."

Michael: "It was all so misty in the mirror she thought she was Alice in Wonderland."

Maggie: "He's a wonderfully patient husband. I'd feel rotten if I weren't happily married. As to how I'd look, well I'd probably try more and end up looking more ridiculous. So now I stay as I am. We both do. Just from laughing so much with each other nothing else seems important."

Molly Parkin

A luxury made-to-measure kitchen can cost you up to 25% less than you thought.

Ask Multyflex.



Because you deal direct with the manufacturer you get special direct sale discounts of up to 25% on the cost of cabinets and accessories and up to 15% on the full retail price of a wide range of appliances.

But what's equally important is Multyflex will assign to you one of their team of highly skilled designers—FREE.

You'll get the actual name and desk telephone number of your personal designer. This way you can keep in touch while he is tailoring your personal requirements into a perfectly planned kitchen layout.

He'll also give you full details of items and accessories he recommends. And a precise estimate.

And we repeat, this service is absolutely FREE.

Sceptical? Then fill in the coupon and post to Multyflex and we'll send you our 'Guide to Good Kitchen Design'. This 40-page illustrated catalogue will reveal all. The colour photographs will enable you to see for yourself the high standard of design and manufacture.

If you're moving into a new house and want luxury kitchen units in a hurry take advantage of our 336 hours high speed service. It's all in the brochure.

Until recently Multyflex kitchens have only been available to architects and leading builders. Now the Multyflex service is available to you. Why not make the most of it!

There are permanent Multyflex exhibitions at the Building Centre, 26 Store Street, London WC1E 7BS, Engineering and Building Centre, Broad Street, Birmingham 1 and at the Kitchen Design Centre and showroom, Dafen, Llanelli, Carmarthenshire.

multyflex kitchens

Multyflex Kitchens Ltd, Dafen, Llanelli, Carmarthenshire. Telephone Llanelli 7201-6. Please send me without obligation your FREE Guide to Good Kitchen Design. I understand no salesman will telephone or call on me.

Name _____ Address _____

ST Oct 3

You've a right to know where your money goes.

Every £1 the Royal National Institute for the Blind spends on services for the blind is divided approximately as follows.

Braille Printing and Special Apparatus. 21p. Over 3 million braille magazines and periodicals distributed each year as well as 100,000 braille books. Over 300 aids including the Rain Warning Device which tells a blind housewife when her washing's getting wet.

Training and Rehabilitation. 20p. As well as providing vocational training, we offer employment schemes that help the newly-blind start a new career.

Residential and Holiday Homes. 3p. Homes for the blind and deaf-blind, and for those unable to return to a family environment. Holiday hotels too. At resorts like Scarborough, Blackpool and Hastings.

Nursery Homes and Schools. 21p. Sunshine Homes and schools that care for and educate blind babies and children. Vocational training to prepare young people for society.

For all these services we need donations and legacies. Please give generously.

224 Great Portland Street London W1N 6AA
Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act 1948
ROYAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND



We know what you want in Bed!

We know you want a good night's sleep. And for that you need a bed that's soft on top, firm underneath—warm when you want it, cool when it's hot.

So that's how we make Rest Assured beds. They're better than ordinary beds. With Longlife Springing—extra strong springs in the centre of the bed, to give you comfortable support, stop sagging and make the bed last longer.

And Summer/Winter sides—you turn the mattress only twice a year! The Winter side has a built-in woolly cushioning for extra warmth and comfort. The Summer side has a soft, cool cotton 'fleece' under the luxury damask cover.

See the Rest Assured range at most good furnisheers. They're remarkable value for money. Send the coupon for the names of your nearest stockists, and two very helpful free booklets.

FREE! Please send me your colour booklets on Rest Assured Beds and 'Londoner Range' Upholstered Furniture

Name _____ Address _____

My nearest shopping town is _____

To Dept. 573 The Rest Assured Centre, 12 North Row, Park Lane, London, W.1.
(Showroom is open weekdays 9.0 to 5.30, including Saturdays. When you're in London, pop in for a look round, without feeling under any obligation to buy.)

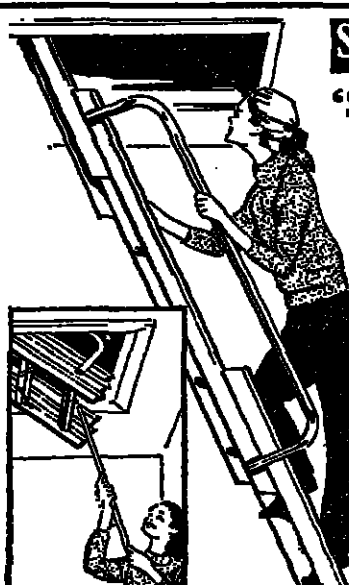


Rest Assured 'Royal Viscount'
4'6" x 6'6" (135 x 190 cm) £57.95
Recommended retail price. Headboard extra.
There are many other Rest Assured single and double beds. From under £51.95 to £139.95



POST to
Barkers
01-837 5432

Save £4.35! Pleco
'STORE-AWAY'
LOFT
LADDER



*Precision made from strong, durable Aluminium. Won't rust. No rough edges. *Folds down to a rigid, safe stairway. Up for unobtrusive foldaway storage. *Extremely light. About 15lb. (7.5kg in operation). You can push it up into storage position with one hand. *Installed with six screws. *Fits loft spaces over 26" x 18" (66 x 45 cm). Up to 8ft. 6in. high. Only 35in. clearance required.

Recommended Price £18.30

£13.95

Safety Handrail included

Carriage England, Wales
By Scotland mainland 75p.
Dept. 8g Fifth Flr.
01-257 5432 Ext. 139

KENNINGTON
HIGH STREET
LONDON W8 5SE

advances up to 96%. Immediate
sport, personal service. No
fees. Michael Ray (Incor-
porated Mortgage Broker), 25
Clitheroe Avenue, Harrow, HA2
1UJ. Tel.: 01-866 5440.

